

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



August 1987

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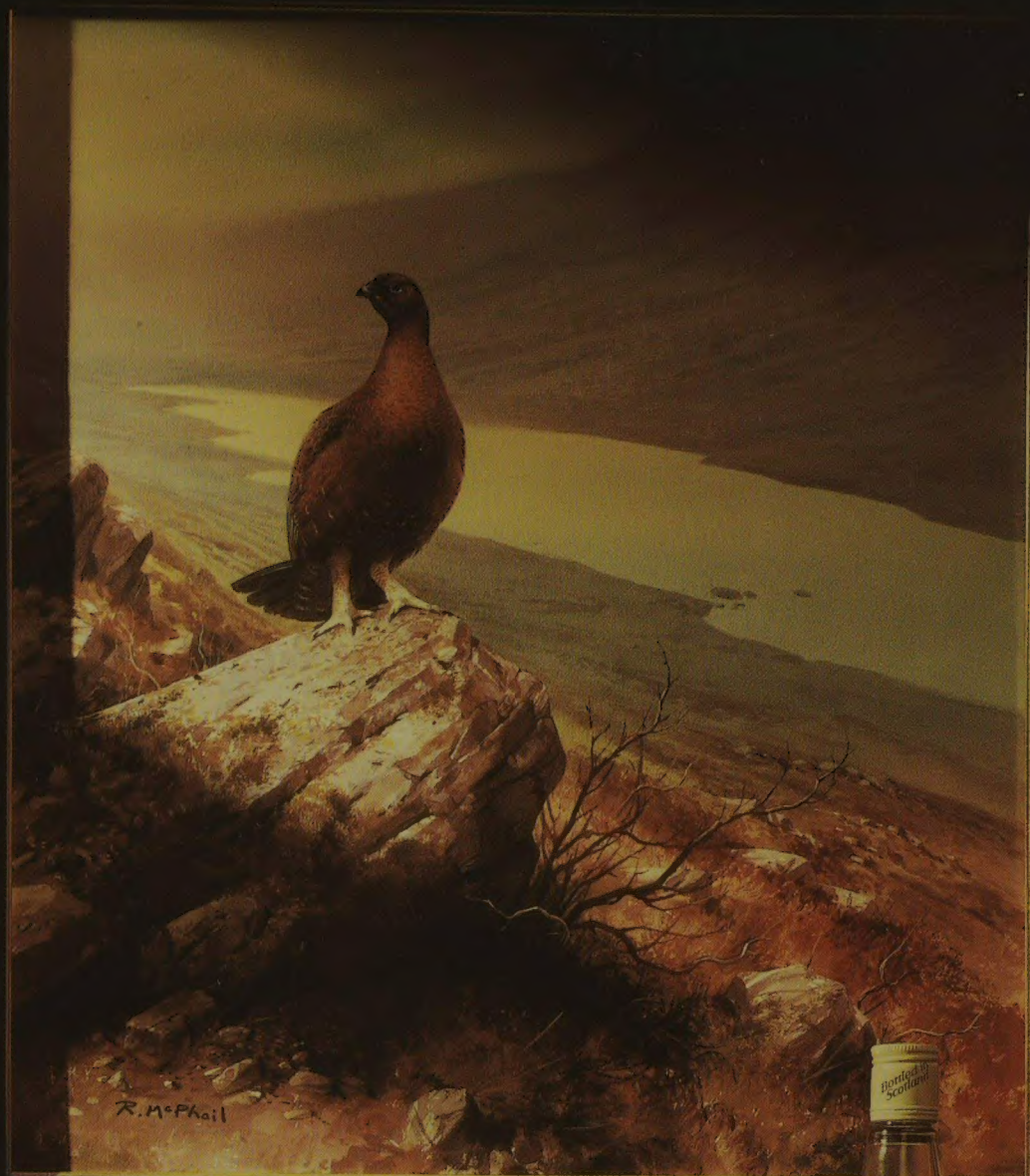
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7069 VOLUME 275 AUGUST 1987



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# EDITOR'S LETTER

Rupert Murdoch is one of the most impressive and cunning operators of the late 20th century. Last winter he said in a BBC interview that his empire of newspapers and television stations would enter a period of consolidation. He implied that he would stop the spectacular expansion of the last three years which has given him 32.5 per cent of daily circulation in Britain, over 50 per cent in Australia and an as yet unestimated power in the United States. But Mr Murdoch, the possessor of a sardonic charm, is rather good at making people hear what they want to hear. Within a matter of weeks, he had fought and won the battle for *The Herald* and *Weekly Times*, which took his share of the Australian audience up to 60 per cent, and he has recently bought the *Today* newspaper, adding 2.5 per cent to his share of British daily circulation.

Clearly, the expansion has not yet stopped. Indeed there is every reason to believe that Mr Murdoch cannot allow it to stop. For his great media concern is susceptible to the law which has affected empires since Alexander the Great. It is this: empires are reliant on the momentum of expansion. The faster the growth, the more it becomes the lifeblood of its existence. But when an empire loses its acquisitiveness and settles for consolidation, a weakening, however gradual, inevitably sets in.

Whatever the hidden propulsion of Mr Murdoch's companies, one cannot but admire the extraordinary opportunism he showed in his dealings with *Today*. When the non-unionized, new-technology newspaper was being planned, Murdoch held it up as the great threat to his overmanned, old-technology group of papers. *Today* became the ship that rammed the gates of union power which allowed his papers to follow in its wake. Then as *Today* began to founder, Mr Murdoch presented himself as the only proprietor capable of a salvage operation. He was at hand with the reserve package, the money and the staff. The Government hastily stepped aside to allow him to buy the paper but there was a case for considering whether Mr Murdoch's expansion is as good for the country as it is for him.

Designer has become another word for fashionable which is a pity because the two words, aside from being different parts of speech, have separate meanings. We are now stuck with the adjective designer, as in designer furniture,

designer water and even designer stubble. As a result the designer as a noun, the woman or man who makes things more efficient and life easier, has been demoted in the public understanding to a simple practitioner of fashion.

The Royal College of Art's graduate show from the design and communication schools does a great deal to reassert the original meaning of the word. The communication part of the exhibition was not so good, but the designers of the RCA are full of innovation, sense and sophistication. Perhaps the smallest example of this was a tiny eye bath. Up to now anybody with an eye complaint has been required to pour a lotion into the bath, shake their head like a spaniel and hope that all the solution does not escape out of one side. A student at the RCA has thought about this and come up with the perfect answer. He designed the eye bath around the bottle so that both are applied to the face at the same time. A pincer around the bottle controls the amount entering the eye bath.

There were designs for cars, wardrobes, showers, jewelry and ceramics, all of which were neat and which would undoubtedly improve life. As I walked around the show I wondered why more of these designs did not appear in the shops. The answer is simple. We are, and always have been, exceptionally good at having ideas; what we do not do is exploit them, which is why many of the graduates will find work abroad and add to the reputation of, say, the Italians and Scandinavians.

And now to this well-designed issue of *The Illustrated London News*. The cover story, which is about the cleanliness of the food served in some of the best restaurants in London, took the greatest planning of any of this month's articles. It involved practically the entire journalistic staff of the magazine who braved the basilisk stares of head waiters in order to retrieve the meals for microbiological analysis. Nobody would doubt the enjoyable taste of food in these restaurants but we found, as I think you will, the results of the analysis that we commissioned very surprising.

Nick Davies has dug into the murky world of the "security" firms that have been in part illuminated by the Irangate hearings in Washington. The firms started in the 1970s by offering protection but have developed rather disturbingly into

quasi-intelligence services that operate all over the world in a most clandestine manner. In some ways it seems a pity that they were not hired to protect the Archbishop of Canterbury's envoy, Terry Waite, who, on August 8, will have been in captivity in the Lebanon for 200 days. Marie Colvin, an American Middle East correspondent, describes the atmosphere in Beirut and the ways in which she avoids being kidnapped.

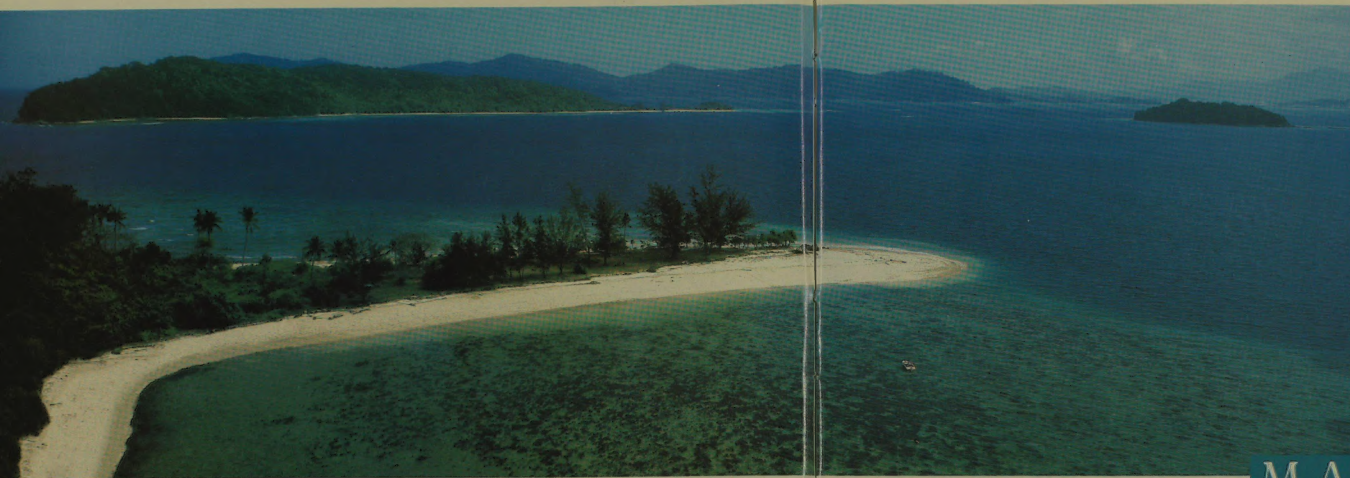
There are three profiles in this issue. The first is of John Moore, the man who Mrs Thatcher apparently favours as her successor. The second takes a close look at Alan Yentob, who has risen with remarkable ease through the BBC's hierarchy but has made one or two enemies on the way. There is also a study of John Tusa of the BBC's World Service.

Finally, I want to mention an article about the new technology which makes distortion of the photographic image impossible to detect. No longer can the innocent observer rely on the integrity of the photograph before him.



It is perhaps apposite that we tackle the subject of truth and photographs this month. In last month's issue, we published a picture of Sir Alastair Burnet and a colleague of his at ITN, Mrs Sue Tinson, with the caption "Sir Alastair and a rare view of Lady Burnet". This was due to a mistake made by the Alpha Photographic Agency. I would like to apologize to Sir Alastair, Lady Burnet and Mrs Tinson for the irritation and undoubted embarrassment this caused them ○



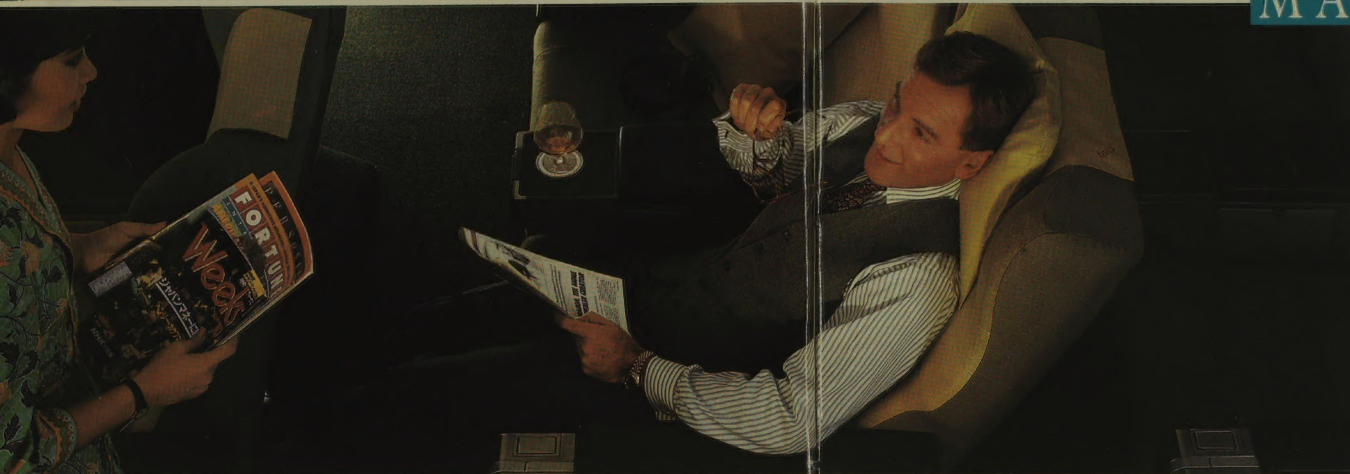


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“I gave them  
carte blanche.  
They gave  
me Keith.”

“I certainly wouldn't describe myself as rich. On the other hand, I'm not exactly short of a bob or two.

I'm in navigational electronics, you see, on the selling side. And business has, touch wood, been good.

I suppose it was the ballyhoo of the first privatisations that awakened my interest in shares.

My first few forays into the Stock Market proved most rewarding and from then on I was hooked.

I'd study the financial pages. I'd listen to 'The Financial World Tonight'. At one point I was even going to replace the Telegraph with the FT, but the rest of the family put their foot firmly down on that one.

Bit by bit my portfolio – if that's the word to describe my rag-bag of shares – grew to around £75,000.

Then, don't ask me why, it all became a bit of a pain.

I seemed to be forever making trips to the building society to transfer money. Filling in forms. Writing letters. Making phone calls.

Then there was the annual chore of deciphering old contract notes and regurgitating their contents for the Inland Revenue.

In fact it was this that led me to Keith. One night in the Plough, with the usual motley crew, I mentioned this tiresome task I had to perform for the tax man.

My remark caught the ear of Reg. He's the Plough's resident know-all who permanently occupies a stool at the end of the bar.

Anyway, Reg started banging on about this Asset Management thing Lloyds Bank had started.

Just the sort of thing a chap like me needed, he said, and you don't even need to be a Lloyds Bank customer.

As it happened, I was. So when I was next in the bank, I got all the bump.

It made interesting reading. So interesting, in fact, that I decided to give it a try.

It seemed Lloyds Bank would relieve me of all the boring admin that goes with running a sizeable portfolio. Also, they'd take over the complete management of my assets, buying and selling as and when they saw fit.

So, basically, I gave them carte blanche. And in return, they gave me Keith: my very own 'Personal Account Executive'.

When we first met I must admit I thought he looked, well, a bit wet behind the ears.

But I soon realised that there was quite a business brain on those youthful shoulders.

Initially we had a lengthy meeting to thrash out a strategy – something I'd never given any thought to before.

After much deliberation Keith reckoned I should go for a low-yield capital growth strategy including some tax-efficient giles, otherwise the taxman would think it was his birthday.

So off Keith went to restructure my portfolio.

He also opened an investment account for me. That way the money involved in buying and selling is never

dead money, but always earning interest.

Another thing he did was build in a cash-sweep facility on my current account so that anything over £1,000 is automatically swept into my investment account.

At first it felt strange having someone else manage my money, but I soon got used to it.

I'd just ring Keith, quote my password and he'd call up my file on his desk-top computer.

Then he'd rattle off the deals he'd done, give me account balances and tell me the value of my portfolio.

To keep things shipshape, Keith also sends me regular statements.

Everything, and I do mean everything, is in them.

Better still, the year-end statement I get is in a form acceptable to the tax man.

As I've got to know Keith, I've also found him a dab hand at other things. Insurance, pensions, a tricky problem my mother had with CGT – things like that.

But now the \$64,000 question. How's he done with my investments?

Well, I'm more than happy. Keith's certainly done a lot better than I could have, and getting rid of all that infernal paperwork is, believe you me, a boon.

But that's enough about Keith. I'm beginning to sound like an advert for Lloyds Bank.



A THOROUGHbred AMONGST BANKS.



## HIGHLIGHTS

# Moore follows

With teeth and instantaneous charm, John Moore appears to have it all American. Some of the Cabinet like him, others hate him intensely, but the Prime Minister adores him. Edward Pearce explains why the Secretary of State for Health and Social Security could be next in line for the Thatcher throne.

The problem with Mrs Thatcher's ministers will not now be competence but identity. Two of the genuine personalities, Norman Tebbit and John Biffen, have gone their way to the everlastingly hazy of discarded talent, taking 50 per cent of the Cabinet's sense of humour with them. Mr Biffen was pushed and Mr Tebbit jumped ahead of his slot in the pushing schedule. Very different from one another, each had the quality of originality together with flair and idiosyncrasy.

The new Thatcher-approved politician, coming in boxes of 20, is different. The model has three qualities: application to hard work and making money, a good if bland physical appearance incorporating the sort of looks associated with the old British cinema, and a fairly recent acquisition of the standards and lifestyle of the middle class. The model is safe, flavourless, functional and subordinated.

Into this pattern falls 49-year-old John Edward Michael Moore, Secretary of State for Health and Social Security. Mr Moore is self-made, has no relations with lustrous names, no useful contacts. He comes from the Conservative working class, the son of a bench hand who became a publican. He advanced by scholarships through the Licensed Victuallers' School and the London School of Economics, and made his career as a stockbroker in the United States (where he became Chairman of Dean Witter).

He has emphasized his enthusiasm for America, and indeed belonged sufficiently to take part in American politics (as a Democrat, interestingly). He was a ward captain in Chicago, city of ethnic swindlers where today a Polish-Irish coalition led by Fast Eddie Vrdolyak fights for dominance with the blacks under Mayor Washington while Hispanics hold the balance. Nothing in Croydon, which he represents, can have equalled it.

Moore has the gift of making people like him. I have had him singled out by an Alliance politician much less indulgent to Conservatives than Dr Owen as the one Tory he truly thought well of. This was before Moore's ascent and is valuable as a judgment from the other side,

whether deserved or not. My correspondence was impressed with the liberal side of Moore. For while he is fairly dry on the economy and won most personal glory as the man who, literally, brought you British Telecom, Moore is not right-wing. Many former working-class Tories bring candidly reactionary or coercive views with them. Dr Boyson and Mrs Currie come instantly to mind (and the mind flinches). Moore is humane in outlook, a point to be remembered when irritation with his gifts for self-promotion and upliftedness oppress us. He is, insofar as that is possible, a liberal Thatcherite!

This gives him, in terms of the inevitable succession chatter, considerable leverage. For if there is anything which oppresses the non-Thatcherite section of the Tory Party it is the Lady's want of generous instincts. "Drooling and drivelling" is only the latest manifestation and to be brutal, it is no electoral disadvantage. The voters seem to like the side of her that failed magnanimity at O level. Those Tories who abhor it and who will ultimately choose a successor are not calculating advantage, they simply dislike a graceless contempt for losers. Moore has, either by calculation or the lucky throw of his instincts, a combination of views that could make him a winner.

He has the efficiency bug, and at the Treasury was a high-profile privatizer, but he is seen as nicer than most Thatcherites, not fearful of having been poor nor contemptuous of those who still are. In such a lucked-and well-planned career, it is never certain what is natural, what was worked out. But the Peter Walker element could well accept him for want of a better one.

What Moore lacks is not decency but identity. It is worth contrasting him with an untidy, uncalculating, far more original and far less successful politician, Christopher Patten. The difference is not so much dry and wet, right and left. Moore and Patten could work out a perfectly civilized consensus between them. (And indeed there are many worse prospects than a duumvirate of those two). But Patten reads for pleasure, struggles with moral complexities and, without lacking ambition, comes

to his interlocutor unpackaged and real. With Moore, who reads a Shakespeare play a month for improvement, there is always a temptation to see a toned-down, subtler version of the Jeffrey Archer hero at work. Is he being nice, in that soft-voiced courteous way of his, because he is being nice, or is this a lateral variant of the sycophancy which is the Conservative Party's secret weapon?

An American commentator recently said (in *The New Republic*) of the meritable but faintly flavourless presidential aspirant Senator Albert Gore, "Any fool can get by with lots of friends. What Al Gore needs is some interesting enemies." John Moore has those, surprisingly enough. He is hated (the word is not too weak) by the man he outstripped after they had been matched pace for pace—Norman Lamont. On the topic of Moore, Lamont is almost speechless with loathing. Is this ordinary politician's envy, the antipathy of a vivid personality for a subdued one, or the hostility of a Cambridge star, treated as Gnat 20 and no better than Financial Secretary at 45, for a soft-spoken nobody who has hit the inside track?

His other critic (enemy would be too strong) is the Chancellor. This is instructive, for Nigel Lawson enjoyed a duck and duckling relationship with Moore in the early days. He hired him for Energy, the first Lawson portfolio, where they so wisely laid in all that coal to break Arthur Scargill's heart.

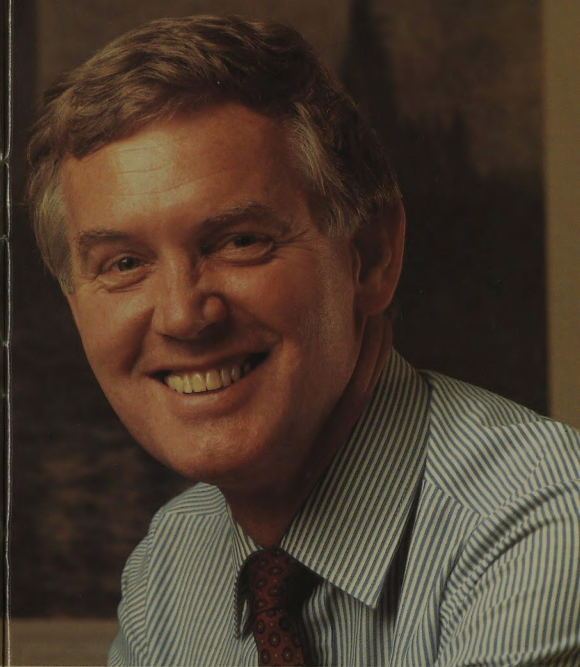
He was so pleased with his protégé that he took him to the Treasury as first Economic, later Financial Secretary. But somewhere along the line Lawson grew disenchanted. One is tempted to think that so much performance proved intolerable, that the fitness of a jogging FST with an exercise bike in his office permanently curbed the lip of a Chancellor with a taste for white wine and second helpings. Who needs a Financial Secretary with taut stomach muscles anyway?

There is some reason to believe that Lawson was thoroughly put out by his deputy's talent for self-promotion. The sobriquet "Mr Privatization" stuffed no olives with Tigger's boss. The impression grew that Moore was playing a hand of his

own, getting public credit (and in advance with the Prime Minister) above and beyond his office. Lawson, for all his brusqueness, is not a supersensitive, back-watching career neurotic. Enraging a frenetic anxiety case like Lamont may be considered unfortunate, to upset a cynical old latitudinarian like Lawson looks like serious politics. It suggests that beneath the pleasantness, the old-fashioned good looks and the relative liberality, lurks a singularity of purpose on which other ambitious politicians could take themselves. Now the Thatcher crowd, competitive individualists to a man, take some disconcerting; and

with that knowledge the Moore image hunches some way towards the Jeffrey Archer end of the spectrum.

Moore has his chance now, with the DHSS, to show us both sides of his nature. To the extent that intelligent management can do anything with a Health Service whose inability to reconcile high expenditure and declining services kept the opposition in good copy, he will bring that about. Given the promotional side of his nature, we can also expect to see him caring publicly and prominently, scooping up any ethical gray which may be going. Yet, all the time, he has to remember (and prompted by his equally ambitious American wife, he will) that he serves a capricious, self-absorbed woman who has flirted with



John Moore: self-made from the Conservative working class

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and flattered other politicians and grown either to resent them, like Tebbit, or to find them supercilious. So far he has played her like a plucked instrument. She gives to him, as to Parkinson, an affectionate patronage which only the uncharitable would describe as the reflection of a natural bad taste. But she will resent both disagreement, which he is temperamentally unlikely to offer, and self-publicity, which tempts him far too much.

As a compromise between Thatcherism and civilization, this coolly pleasant, proclitic but slightly predictable figure has found himself with a serious chance of reaching the top. But he is identified as a runner rather too much and as a decisive person-

ality hardly at all. His hopes rest upon compromise and all-round acceptability and, alas, upon the fact that under this Prime Minister distinctive personalities de-select themselves. Mrs Thatcher has borrowed from Pope, who would not appeal to her, the maxim "Bear, like the Turk, No brother near the throne."

Among the hired technicians, yes-men and castrati of this administration, Moore has acquired a reputation in a less battered and reshuffled Cabinet it would be the stature of a proficient, unexceptional Minister. His, now very serious, candidacy for the succession is a fairly comprehensive comment on what Mrs Thatcher has done to her colleagues in eight years. He could be her eptaph.

## Summer Visitors

A poem by Nigel Forde

This is August, this is London,  
See the sun-banned crew-cut head  
With jets in transatlantic motion  
Bending to the A-Z.

"Downing Street" That's where King Henry  
Knighted Nelson on the Hoe  
After Runnymede was conquered  
By that Scotsman Rizzio."

Yes, the city's treasures lie here  
Waiting to be marvelled at:  
Works of Wren and works of Shakespeare,  
Harrods, Heal's and Habitat.

London looks like York or Stratford  
Old only above the waist.  
Down below it's plate-glass windows  
Bulging tills and dubious taste.

Matrons with their wood-grained faces  
Bismarck, tobacco, henna d'airs,  
Clutch their English gilt-shop prizes  
Tweed and hideous chawware.

Oh, come to London, grand historic  
Step back into yesterday  
Donne and Johnson, Keats and Dickens,  
Liberty and C & A.

Standing where the Great Fire started  
Elmer gives his gun a turn  
Gazing at the stone and brickwork  
Wondering how the stut could burn.

National Theatre, National Gallery  
Then the Tate near Piccadilly  
Can't find Shakespeare's birthplace, but  
There's still another mouth to go.

Another mouth—of Piccadilly,  
Soho, Strand and Oxford Street.  
Moaning at the rain on Monday  
Tuesday, groaning at the heat.

No standard flies above the Palace,  
Parliament is in recess;  
And when you've seen one changing of the  
Guard, you've seen them all, I guess!

Perhaps some cricket, then? A Test match:  
Very English—should be fun!  
So they spend a whole day searching  
For the Oval, Kensington...

If an Englishman, in glasses  
And a mic against the rain  
Saunters past, they jump and giber  
"See that guy? That's Michael Gaine!"

Even-song—and in the place where  
Charles and Di were married, too:  
Lead us not into temptation,  
'Lead us back to W2.

This is August, this is London,  
Mistress of a thousand charms:  
Not the least, to see the Old World  
With the New World in its arms.



## HIGHLIGHTS

# Courtly cricket

Jackie Court is the longest-serving member of England's women's cricket team. The buxom all-rounder exudes an infectious enthusiasm for the game, and her personality and attacking style of play—she fields dangerously close to the wicket—have attracted comparisons with Ian Botham. She wryly confesses that it might have been a glimpse of her bare torso, as she hurried between the dressing-rooms at Lord's in 1976, which explains why the ladies had to wait until last month for their second fixture at the headquarters of cricket.

Court began her cricket career at the age of 13, playing for the General Electric Company. She worked her way up to Middlesex's first team, where she scored 19 not out on her debut, batting against Mary Pilling, an England bowler. Further solid progress at county level ensured her selection for England's tour of the West Indies in 1970-71: "I went as waitress and all-rounder."

The first Test of the current series between England and Australia begins at Worcester on August 1, while their

one-day international at Lord's last month provided the curtain-raiser in England for the celebration of 50 years of Test cricket between the two countries.

Because of their amateur status, England's women cricketers are unpaid, apart from expenses, and leave for international matches is determined by their employers. But Jackie, a veteran of 14 Tests and three World Cups, has no regrets about the sacrifices she has made. The rewards have been many, including a chance to play with Viv Richards. Thanks to her hard-hitting prowess, Jackie was given the opportunity of batting with the West Indies captain in a charity match. She says, "It was a thrill. We shared in a partnership of 50 runs: Viv scored 49 and I made one."

Approaching 40, Jackie remains as committed to the game as ever. When she decides to hang up her boots, like Botham she will be missed as much for her flamboyant personality as for her undoubted cricketing ability.

**BRIDGETTE LAWRENCE**



ADRIAN MURRELL/ALL SPORT

# Golden Hugo, baron in the bush

Baron Hugo van Lawick lives on the shores of Lake Ndutu in the tremendous infinity of the Serengeti grass plain, and in West Hampstead. He prefers his African address but his attendance at the second is a requirement of his occupation at the first—film maker.

On the climb to the office in his London flat the visitor passes, in a glass case, a Golden Hugo, presented by the Chicago Film Festival. It is a likeness of a robed man as if smoothed by a million tides. "I thought at first they were joking." He

is believed to have been the first Hugo to have received the Hugo.

There are also some Emmys. "National Academy of what's it called." He departs to look it up. "... Television, Arts and Sciences." He omits the "for outstanding photographic achievement: producer, director, photographer". He won them for his films on wild dogs, lions and other creatures. The Africans know him as the picture man.

When a photographer becomes sufficiently illustrious, the cameras are duly turned on him. The National

Geographic Society, with WQED Pittsburg, will make the film on van Lawick's life and work in the Serengeti on his return there in August.

Born in Indonesia of Dutch parents, resettled in England, educated in Holland, Hugo van Lawick is a short, serious man of 50, with two ex-wives. He has the stocky strength of the self-sufficient.

Van Lawick has made all his films in East Africa, and most of them in Tanzania. For his services to conservation (for example, he had the severely endangered wild dog taken off the

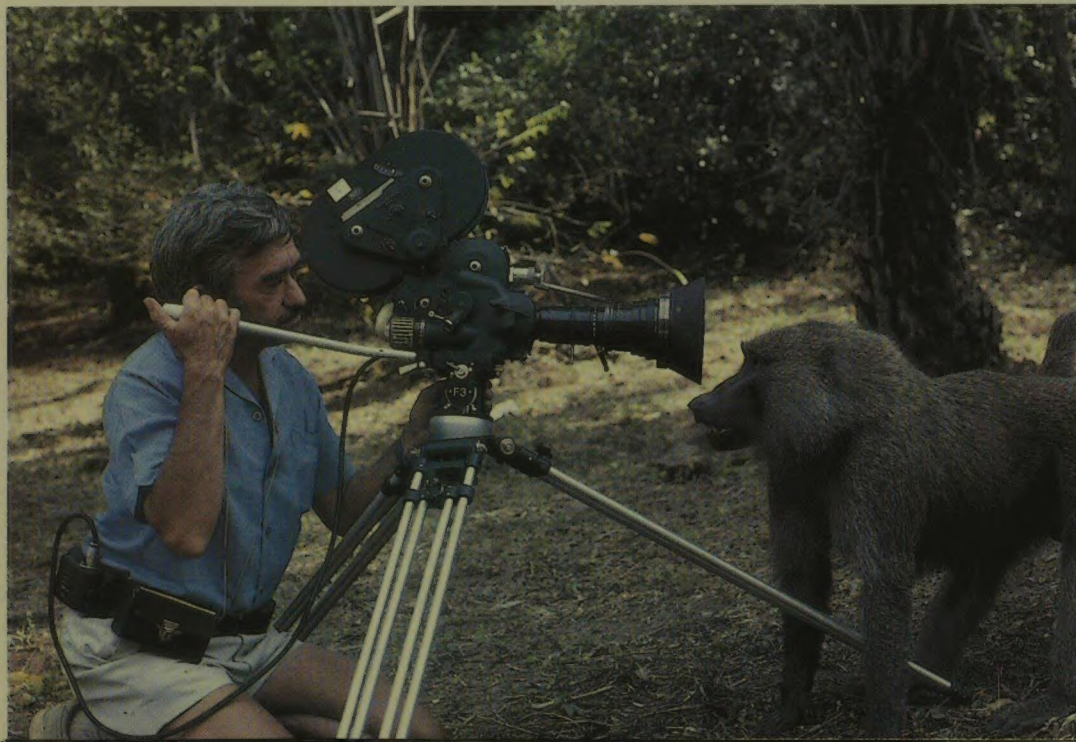
Tanzanian hunting list) he was given the right to live in Tanzania for the rest of his life. He set up a permanent camp in 1967 with five local staff in the Serengeti. ("The size of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg".)

From his London flat he can see Kilburn, just about. From his African address he can see pink flamingos on the soda lake and, on a little hill, wildebeest, zebras, impalas and dik-dik. Giraffes browse from the acacia trees around the camp. Lions regularly wander through his garden. He has a bird table. It feeds over 100 birds—species, that is.

He has not given much thought to this film about him, in which he will ensure animals receive equal billing. "Don't mind what they say, provided they don't go into my personal life. I would like to convey how beautiful these wild places are, and how interesting the animals are and that each animal is an individual." Proof of that last statement: in the Serengeti there are about two million wildebeest, the subject of his next film. Van Lawick and two companions once spent six hours hauling one out of a poacher's pit.

What is his purpose as film maker? "To make the locals proud of their animals. Ten years ago they had no idea Europe didn't have zebras and wildebeest. When I told them they exist only in East Africa, they became very proud and more likely to protect them."

**GARETH HUW DAVIES**





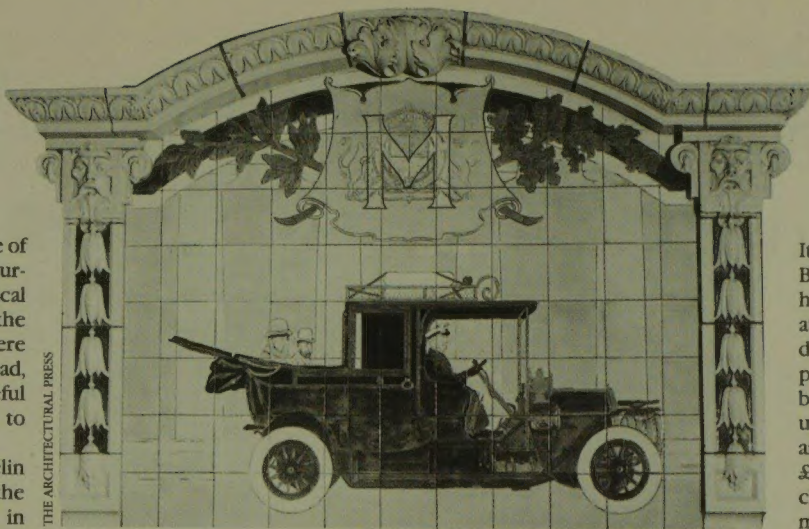
# Michelin man

The Conran Shop is the tabernacle of the Conran design aesthetic. Currently placed at the geographical centre of London high fashion, the so-called Brompton Cross, where Sloane Avenue cuts the Fulham Road, this upmarket outlet for tasteful appliances and bric-à-brac is set to move. But it won't have far to go.

Across the road the Michelin building, former headquarters of the Michelin Tyre Company, which in 1911 pioneered the use of reinforced concrete construction in Britain, will reopen this autumn, refurbished and restored by Conran Roche and YRM Architects. The building is now owned jointly by Paul Hamlyn and Sir Terence Conran, right. At its core will be the new Conran Shop, larger and more chaste than ever. There will also be a restaurant, bar and office space.

One would have thought that Sir Terence Conran with his vast Storehouse Group had enough retail space already. With Conran Design Associates (in-house designers), Conran Roche (Conran's own architects), British Home Stores, Mothercare, Richard Shops and Anonymous clothes, Habitat, Heal's and the Conran Shop (the lifestyle department), who needs a mind of their own? Hasn't Sir Terence, the self-styled arbiter of Good Taste, already infiltrated far too many key areas of the British commercial scene? The public are drunk on the canons of his style (simplicity and utility, bright colours and plain forms).

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS



REX FEATURES



Are we not in danger of losing some of our individuality under a deluge of co-ordinated colour schemes mixed and matched and a frenzy of simple geometric shapes?

Luckily for those who frequent the Conran Shop, the Michelin building itself has sufficient individuality. Even though planning permission and listed-building consent have already

been given to enlarge the building, its idiosyncratic appearance, an eclectic forerunner of 1920s and 1930s Art Deco, will be restored to its original state.

This will include replacing the vanished Bibendum-like cupolas at each corner of the entrance façade, the reinstatement of Mr Bibendum stained-glass windows and the removal of some minor, unsympathetic additions of recent years. The building's most endearing feature, the ceramic tiles depicting the greatest moments in the early history of motor racing, will still adorn the façade.

An embargo on all publicity for this project until the building is reopened neither raises nor lowers our expectations. The proposed appearance of the Conran Shop is evident but will the new Conran-style infill and roof-extension, sit happily within the existing structure?

PAUL DUNCAN

# Vive Bardot!

It seems that interest in Brigitte Bardot will never diminish, despite her own recent much-publicized attempt to close, once and for all, the doors on her tempestuous past. By putting up for auction her personal belongings—down to the last make-up box—from her heyday as insouciant sexpot of the 1960s, she raised £355,000 for animal welfare and claimed, with tears in her eyes: "I gave my beauty and my youth to men, and now I am giving my wisdom and experience, the best of me, to animals."

The ICA—that bastion of offbeat cultural minority interest—is undeterred. Only they, perhaps, would want to keep the Bardot flame alight. France has its own pop singers who are scarcely known beyond its own shores or the pages of *Paris Match*, but did you know that BB herself had many hit records during her acting career? Musician Steve Beresford and singer Kasuko Hohki have rediscovered a selection of Bardot songs—classified as Radical Middle of the Road, a revival of light popular music stemming from Paris—which they will perform with a seven-piece orchestra at the ICA on August 8 and 9.

In case the idea of a Japanese girl crooning the songs, several of which she has even translated into her own tongue, does not instantly conjure up a vision of the blonde sex kitten, the music will be interspersed with extracts from some of BB's films, notably . . . *Et Dieu créa la femme*, which launched the Bardot myth.

## Shooting's new blood

August 12, the Glorious Twelfth, is upon us again. But the start of the grouse-shooting season has lost its glory. The romance of plus-fours and love on the butts is slipping rapidly into history. Guns—the correct term for those who shoot—are no longer proud to be guns, and few notables relish the label field sportsman. It is unfashionable and damaging to one's public image, for MPs in particular.

Take Willie Whitelaw. His ability to bag anything that moves except the bird has caused much amusement. Nicholas Soames freely admits to being a gun but refuses outright to name others. The Duke of Westminster, who always takes August off, will be holding his usual party on the 12th on his private moors at Abbeystead, near Lancaster, with family and friends.

Earl Peel, owner of Gunnerside in North Yorkshire, says that the old-style social scene is nothing like it used to be. The cost of maintaining grouse moors is now so prohibitive that owners are forced to let their shoots for much of the season (which runs until December 10) to rich

Americans and anyone else with the money.

Those "anyone elses" are emerging as a distinct class. Young City businessmen are buying their way into the sport as never before. Money is the key and a day on the moors is considered excellent business entertainment, costing on average £14-£15 for each bird shot. A group of eight or nine guns will club together and rent a day. Most buy a 250-bird day—the keeper making sure that number of birds is put up for the guns. Some, especially foreign visitors, will pay vast sums, £8,000 and more, for exclusivity.

Holland & Holland's shooting school at Northwood is taking on an increasing number of recruits for both game and clay pigeon shooting. Notably few of the new brigade seem to have inherited wealth; most are City professionals in their 20s and early 30s. They can afford to pay the £50-odd an hour for a lesson at the school—exact price depends on how many cartridges are used—plus the cost of buying or hiring equipment and renting a day.

The upper classes have had to open their moors just as they have been forced to open their houses. The new young rich can afford to buy a bit of class, and country pursuits are part of the package.

### KIT FOR NEW GUNS

The following is a list of items with average prices quoted by the Holland & Holland shooting school shop at Northwood, Middlesex.

Gun: Prices range from £450-£17,000. The average person spends between £1,500 and £3,500 on a new gun. Jacket and plus-fours: £250. Check shirt: £37.50. Socks: £9.95-£25. Waistcoats: £27.50-£48. Wax coat: £98. Waterproof leggings: £32. Barbour hat: £12.50. Caps: from £16. Gloves: £4.95-£32. Hand guards: £16. Plain Hunter boots £28, with studs £42. Ear protection: plugs 50p, muffs £17.50. Gun slips: from £32 (canvas), £150 leather. Cartridge bag: £38-£100. Cartridge belt: £27.50. Game bag: £30. Shooting stick: £48. Cartridges: £11.40 per 100.

SALLY RICHARDSON





## HIGHLIGHTS

# A handbag guide to London

Kate Murphy is a 27-year-old, with long, wavy hair and big blue eyes, standing just 5 feet 3 inches tall, the sort of girl a certain sort of Londoner calls "darlint". She is a BBC documentary researcher, specializing in London crime stories (boxing, child abuse and debt), and this job, naturally, takes her down those mean streets where a gal researcher must go. Her *Women's London* (3 inches by 7 inches) guide book, produced by Hamlyn in association with LBC News Radio (£3.99), is the natural result of downright fear and petty annoyance. The guide is touted as being "handbag-size" and, at first glance, will trigger some pretty stock responses in the male mind. Does he, for example, really want to know where the lesbian archives are kept? They are, in fact, kept at the Lesbian Archive, which is a library opened on Mondays and Thursdays from 11am to 5.30pm. In it one will find documents on the lesbian life style.

But is there anything in *Women's London* for your male reader? Plenty, actually. Ms Murphy's guide should have been subtitled "Also for the Male of a Nervous Disposition". Take, for example, bicycles. I happen to live next door but one to a bicycle shop, and the scene in which the rude mechanic is a bit too saucy with girl-

with-broken-down-bicycle ("What-cha gone and done to it now, darlint?") is played out each Saturday morning outside the shop.

Anyway, Ms Murphy's guide names no fewer than six bike shops with women working in them—mine is, of course, not included. It also tells us (that is, the girls and us nervous and absolutely non-mechanical men) that there are special lessons on bike repair and maintenance for women—"Hold on, you're going too fast." There is also a section called Motorcycle Maintenance For Women, and if a woman is running an office and is feeling rather patriotic towards her sex she can hire the all-girl dispatch riders of Amazon Express.

Of course, there are lots of places listed where the ladies can buy beads and buttons, ditto the wool and yarn stores of London are listed, and, likewise, there is a page entitled "Where to see Statues of Notable Women". There is something rather marvellous about that. I wonder if one could organize a pub crawl on a fine Saturday morning, starting with a glimpse of the bust of Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake in Tavistock Square, and winding on, roaming through London, to see a view of Boadicea from Westminster Bridge, Good Queen Bess at St Dunstan's-in-the-



West, just off Fleet Street, ending up—after Queen Anne, Mary, Queen of Scots, Florence Nightingale and Emmeline Pankhurst—rather bleary-eyed gazing at poor Pocahontas, half naked and unashamed, in Vincent Square, SW1.

There are lists of the baby-sitting agencies and, thank God, the phone number of Gingerbread, the one-parent family people, just in case the beast walks out on you. And—this I am very reliably informed is a real boon—a list of restaurants and pubs where a woman may go in alone and where she will be treated just as if she were a man dining alone or all-by-

himself in a public house. Well, even us god-like men feel like berks seated alone in a restaurant.

The list of late-night cabs in which you will not get raped is obviously handy. Also those departmental stores with special rooms where nursing mothers may go to give babes suck is likewise handy. We chaps of nervous temperament positively die when we are forced to witness this most tender of scenes in public—if it is not in a frame and painted by some dead Italian. Good on you, Ms Kate Murphy, you little darlint!

STANLEY REYNOLDS



## Last of the maharajas

India's maharajas were surrounded by wealth and ceremony which ironically became a legend just as their power was brought to an end. Charles Allen, who has done so much to delve revealingly and romantically into British colonial history, has now written a two-part documentary called *Maharajas* to be shown on BBC2 on August 13 and 14, marking the 40th anniversary of Indian independence.

The programmes use archive film, including much taken by the maharajas themselves and never screened before, and specially shot film of the surviving court culture of India.

Most exciting was an opportunity to film the birthday *darbar* of a princess. She was 16-year-old Princess Diya Kumari of Jaipur, and the ceremony was held in the women's quarters, the *zenana*, where no men except the maharaja and palace eunuchs are normally admitted. All the women were dressed in red and silver and gold, jewelled to the hilt, dancing for each other in little decorated pavilions. Some of them

had never been out of the palace in their lives. This is the first film of the *zenana* by outside cameras, and the film-crew found that the family were keen to have the ceremony recorded, all too aware themselves of their disappearing culture.

Among those featured are the Maharana of Mewar, the state known worldwide as Udaipur; Sir Lakshman Singh, the Maharawal of Dungarpur; and His Highness Gaj Singh II, Maharaja of Jodhpur, pictured, left, at his birthday *darbar*.

In 1971 the Maharajas were de-recognized and lost their privy purses. "Some took to dreaming, some took to drink, many took to politics and a dynamic few went into business," Allen explains. The wildly eccentric Maharaja of Bharatpur is now destitute within his empty palace, stripped of furniture and servants, and dependent for his survival on gifts of food. Few went into exile; exceptions include the Maharaja of Kutch who lives in Guildford, and the Nizam of Hyderabad who is now farming sheep in the Australian outback.

The programmes promise to be a timely record of a culture which has almost vanished. "What we have captured," says Allen, "are the dying embers of a fire that has been burning in India for 3,000 years."

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**1887** Recalling this golden year of human achievement, two dates above all immediately spring to mind.

August 12th and December 25th.

It was on the August day that the dream of Heathcliffe McClintock came to fruition.

Aspiring to become the most prolific shot in the Highlands, he unveiled his six-barrelled Ditch Gun to the awe-struck shooting fraternity.

As he concealed himself in ditches, it would enable him to pepper everything on the skyline simultaneously.

On the Christmas Day, our ancestor, William Grant of Glenfiddich realised his dream.



Having built a distillery with his bare hands, his first whisky flowed.

Not only did it bring our ancestor sweet success, but it became known as the very stuff that drams are made of.

And one hundred years later, we are celebrating five generations as independent family distillers.

We're afraid, however, that success turned sour on Heathcliffe McClintock.

At its first blast, the mighty Ditch Gun wiped out every grouse upon the moor.

Whereupon, the shooting fraternity ostracised him as a cad, a show-off and an unspeakable spoilsport.

**1987**

**WILLIAM GRANT'S · THE STUFF THAT DRAMS ARE MADE OF**





**T**he most important occurrence within the crowd is the discharge. Before this the crowd does not actually exist; it is the discharge which creates it. This moment when all who belong to the crowd get rid of their differences and feel equal.

These differences are mainly imposed from the outside: they are distinctions of rank, status, property. Men as individuals are always conscious of these distinctions; they weigh heavily on them and keep them firmly apart from one another. A man stands by himself on a secure and well-defined spot, his every gesture asserting his right to keep others at a distance. All life, so far as he knows it, is laid out in distances—the house in which he shuts himself and his property, the positions he holds, the rank he desires—all these serve to create distances, to confirm and extend them.

Only together can men free themselves from their burdens of distance; and this, precisely, is what happens in a crowd. During the discharge distinctions are thrown off and all feel equal. In that density, where there is scarcely any space between, and body presses against body. Each man is as near the other as he is to himself; and an immense feeling of relief ensues. It is for the sake of this blessed moment, when no one is greater or better than another, that people become a crowd.

GIANNI VENTURA GROWTH AND POWER, 1984

GIANNI VENTURA  
GROWTH AND POWER, 1984



# FOR THE RECORD

## Monday, June 15

Mrs Thatcher reorganized the middle and lower ranks of her Government. There were 13 ministerial changes and nine newcomers. Those leaving included Lady Young and Dr Rhodes Boyson, while Marion Rose became Parliamentary Secretary at the Department of Environment and Colin Moynihan the Minister for Sport.

In the Italian General Election, the Christian Democrats remained the largest party in the government and the Communists lost 2.5 per cent of the vote, some of it to the Green Party. Once again a five-party, centre-right coalition seemed the most likely outcome. For many Italians the election of pornographic film star Ilona Staller as a Radical Party member provided a touch of light relief during the campaign. Her intention is to fight for the liberation of Italian sexuality and the lifting of public modesty laws.

## Tuesday, June 16

David Steel was given full backing by senior Liberal Party MPs for his proposals for merging the Liberal and Social Democratic parties. The following day SDP MPs decided to seek further consultations within their party for reaching an agreement and appointed a separate spokesman in Parliament. On June 29 the national committee of the Social Democrat Party backed Dr David Owen's call to reject the merger.

Bernhard Goetz was acquitted in a New York court of the attempted murder of four young men who, he said, tried to rob him on a subway train.

## Wednesday, June 17

Britain recalled four more officials from its mission in Tehran in a continuing diplomatic

row with Iran; only one official, out of an original 18, remained. The following day Britain expelled 15 Iranian diplomats.

Two fighter jets, a Tornado and a Jaguar, collided near Kendal, Cumbria. One pilot was killed. On June 24 another RAF pilot was killed when his Jaguar aircraft crashed during a low-flying exercise in Wales.

## Thursday, June 18

Unemployment in the UK fell by 120,675 in May to 2,953,800—the lowest total since July, 1984.

Charles Glass, a London-based American journalist, was kidnapped by gunmen in Ouzaai, near Beirut.

Thousands of demonstrators calling for the restoration of democracy continued to battle with police in several South Korean cities. As many as 10,000 people were thought to have been temporarily detained during the rioting, including 20 Buddhist monks.

The British Army presence in the Falklands was reduced by two-thirds to 200 men—the lowest since the 1982 war.

## Friday, June 19

Seventeen people were killed and more than 35 injured in Barcelona when a car bomb exploded at a department store. The Basque separatist group Eta later admitted having made a serious error in staging the attack. The following day thousands of people took to the streets in a mostly silent anti-Eta demonstration.

Lynden Pindling's Progressive Liberal Party was re-elected for a sixth term in the Bahamas general election.

## Saturday, June 20

The All Blacks beat France 29-9 in Auckland to win the Rugby World Cup.

## Sunday, June 21

Police seized more than 50 kilograms of cocaine, with a street value of £9 million, in a house in Harley Street, central London.

## Monday, June 22

Fred Astaire, the film star and dancer, died aged 88.

## Tuesday, June 23

The Second Test Match between England and Pakistan was abandoned as a draw after three days were lost because of bad weather. England were 368 all out.

## Wednesday, June 24

A man was killed in Florida when an idling car slipped into reverse and circled backwards, running him over 10 times.

## Thursday, June 25

The Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament outlined plans for 17 Bills. The main proposals were: the abolition of the rates system and its replacement with a poll tax; reforms in education, including the proposal for state schools to be able to opt out of local authority control; election of union leaders by postal ballot and action against the closed shop; and the withholding of social security from school-leavers under 18 who refuse a place on a YTS scheme.

Denis Healey announced that he was standing down from the Labour Party front bench after 28 years.

John Fleming, the Briton deported from the US in March, was freed when a London magistrate said there was insufficient evidence that he had dishonestly handled £1.1 million following the £26 million Brinks-Mat robbery in 1983.

The US Supreme Court said that homosexuals could not organize their own "Gay Olym-

pics" as the US Olympic Committee had the exclusive right to the commercial use of the word "Olympic".

## Saturday, June 27

A dispute over whether 202 children taken into care in Cleveland had or had not been sexually abused continued as a senior police surgeon attacked the professional methods of a doctor and a social worker involved in the case. Earlier Stuart Bell, the local MP, called for the suspension of two Middlesbrough General Hospital doctors and said that one of them, Dr Marietta Higgs, and a social worker, had "colluded and conspired" to keep the police out of the case.

## Sunday, June 28

Scotland Yard said that mortgage frauds were thought to have cost banks and building societies at least £67 million over the past four years.

An Aids victim was arrested in Los Angeles and accused of attempted murder after it was alleged that he sold his blood to several blood banks.

## Monday, June 29

President Chun Doo Hwan of Korea announced that he had decided to cede to opposition demands for political change. Direct presidential elections would take place next February and he also accepted calls for press freedom, release of political prisoners and more local autonomy. The violent clashes had lasted 17 days during which the police used 351,200 tear-gas canisters. The demonstrators took to the streets again on July 5, when a student died. The following day 177 political prisoners were released from jail.

## Tuesday, June 30

Mrs Thatcher refused to commit the Govern-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KING





**Elizabeth Esteve-Coll was appointed as the first woman director of the Victoria & Albert Museum on July 2. For the past two years she has been Chief Librarian of the National Art Library at the V&A.**

ment to providing extra money for the Common Market until the Community had agreed "effective and binding" measures to control spending in general, and the agricultural budget in particular. Eleven member states had backed the plan and the Danish Foreign Minister Uffe Ellemann-Jensen accused Mrs Thatcher of being "incredibly negative".

Joe Ashton, the Labour MP and former miner, announced the formation of a new group in Parliament representing "working-class" MPs. He said "infiltrators and poseurs" would be excluded and "only horny-handed sons of toil need apply".

Rupert Murdoch, Chairman of News International, bought the newspaper *Today* from Lorrho for £38 million. The deal, which was



**The new Wimbledon Men's Champion, Pat Cash, clambered over several rows of seats to reach the players' enclosure and his family and friends, to celebrate a three-set victory over Ivan Lendl in the final. The 22-year-old Australian returned soon after for the presentation ceremony. Martina Navratilova was similarly overjoyed after beating the West German teenager Steffi Graf to take the women's title for a record sixth successive year.**

approved by Lord Young, the Trade and Industry Secretary, was condemned by Labour's John Smith as a "betrayal of responsibility".

**Wednesday, July 1**

Prince Charles said he was appalled by living and working conditions in London's East End after his tour of Tower Hamlets.

The Home Office announced that the maximum penalty for parents who wilfully neglect their children would be increased from two years in prison to 10 years under a new Criminal Justice Bill.

Scotland Yard said that professional jury nobblers have been paid millions of pounds by the Mafia and other organized gangs.

**Thursday, July 2**

An amateur wine-maker, Colin Lutman, was fined £750 after he tried to pass off a bottle of 1868 vintage port as genuine. The wine—a mixture of supermarket port and a Lambrusco-style home-brew—exploded while awaiting appraisal at Sotheby's.

**Friday, July 3**

Klaus Barbie was sentenced to life imprisonment after an eight-week trial in Lyons for crimes against humanity committed when he was Gestapo chief of the city during the Second World War.

Richard Branson, head of Virgin Records, and his co-pilot Per Lindstrand, completed the first crossing of the Atlantic by hot-air balloon. However, they had to be rescued as they were forced to abandon their craft and jump into the sea a few miles from the west coast of Scotland. The balloon, which flew from Sugarloaf Mountain in Maine, had travelled 2,820 miles before it "biffed" the ground in a field in Ulster and then crashed into the sea. They also beat the record for the longest flight—33 hours—and broke the speed record, at times reaching 138mph.

**Saturday, July 4**

Martina Navratilova won the Wimbledon Women's Singles title by beating Steffi Graf 7-5, 6-3.

**Sunday, July 5**

Pat Cash beat Ivan Lendl in the Wimbledon Men's Singles final 7-6, 6-2, 7-5.

**Monday, July 6**

Thirty-six people were killed by Sikh gunmen during an attack on a bus in India's Punjab state. The following day Sikh extremists opened fire on two more buses killing 34 Hindu passengers.

Pakistan beat England by an innings and 18 runs in the Third Test at Headingley.

**Wednesday, July 8**

Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North, the sacked White House aide, admitted that the White House had misled Congress about its secret efforts to arm the Contra rebels of Nicaragua. He was speaking on the second day of testimony on the Iran-Contra scandal.

Robin Butler was appointed as the new head of the Civil Service. He will take over from Sir Robert Armstrong in January.

**Thursday, July 9**

Two armed robbers were shot dead and a third injured by a police marksman during an attempted wages snatch at an abattoir in Plumstead, south-east London.

**Friday, July 10**

The Government announced that inflation went up from 4.1 to 4.2 per cent in June.

Samir Aboul-Hosn was awarded record damages of £1,032,000 after a blunder after a brain operation left him "like a zombie".

**Saturday, July 11**

Yorkshire beat Northamptonshire at Lord's to win the Benson and Hedges Cup.

**Sunday, July 12**

The US magazine *Forbes* said that Japan has more billionaires than the US—22 against 21.

Nigel Mansell won the British Grand Prix at Silverstone.



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## Alternative Energy. Could the answer be blowing in the wind?

Electricity has provided the nation with its most valuable and versatile source of power for over 100 years.

But what of the future?

Solar power, geothermal power and tidal power are all being examined by the Central Electricity Generating Board and the Department of Energy. But one of the most promising possibilities is wind power.

The 'windmill' in the picture, along with other designs, is being tested on the site of a disused coal-fired station in Carmarthen Bay.

It is the first of its kind in the world. It stands eighty feet high. Its blades rotate at 27 rpm and can be started in a moderate force 4 breeze. And although it generates up to 130 kilowatts of electricity (enough to supply about sixty homes), this machine is only a scale model.

A small beginning perhaps, but the engineers on the site are confident that within a year or so, they will be building a full scale version four times the size of this one.

Although wind power will meet only a fraction of our future electricity needs, perhaps the day is not far distant when you will be able to turn on a TV set powered by electricity generated by a puff of wind.



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# RISK FACTOR

The exposure of Oliver North in Washington has cast light on a shadowy network of powerful security companies, staffed by former SAS and army men. Nick Davies investigates their activities.



**B**adakshshan, northern Afghanistan, July, 1983. An Englishman travelling with a group of Mujahadeen guerrillas dies in an ambush by Russian troops. The Russians recover his body along with a miniature satellite dish, a transmitter and a computerized keyboard. The Russians say the dead man was one of six Englishmen working with the Mujahadeen and they identify him by his passport as Stuart Bodman.

The real Stuart Bodman, a warehouseman from Surrey, is alive and well and playing darts in his local. He has no idea how his name has come to be used in the Afghan mountains. There are reports that the six Englishmen are former SAS men who are working on a secret contract to set up covesdropping posts for the

Americans. It is suggested they were hired through a London security company, KMS Ltd. The Foreign Office says it will investigate. Nothing more is heard. Kampala, Uganda, February, 1986. A helicopter gunship attempts to launch a rocket attack on the new President, Yoweri Museveni, as he is installed as head of state after a long civil war. Two white men are captured and questioned.

They are linked to a group of former SAS men who had been hired by the deposed President to teach his men how to fly military helicopters. The former SAS men, who work for a London security company, Defence Systems Ltd, say they had no part in the assassination attempt. The Foreign Office denies reports that their role in Uganda was secretly approved by the British Government.

Dublin, December, 1983. Supermarket executive Don Tidey is released in a shoot-out after being kidnapped and held for 23 days by the Provisional IRA. The IRA then threaten his employers, Associated British Foods, that more of their executives will be kidnapped unless the company pays them £2 million in protection money.

A group of former SAS men, who advised the company during the kidnapping of Tidey, spend the next three months trying to persuade them not to make the payment. But the money is handed over. The men, who work for a London security company, Control Risks, are publicly criticized for not telling the authorities what was going on. A Labour MP calls for them to be prosecuted under the Prevention of Terrorism Act which bans the passing of funds to terrorists.

Strange, apparently isolated incidents like these have been cropping up for more than a decade and it has always been extremely difficult to get to the truth of them or to see the linkage between them. It is only when things have gone wrong that any information at all has surfaced, but now the cat may be out of the bag.

The trouble has started in Washington, with the now familiar figure of Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North. The very public collapse of his hitherto secret operation has brought the masonry crashing down around a hidden world which includes Britain just as much as the United States. North bypassed the American Congress by using private companies to pump arms and money around the world. The companies were staffed by former members of the

**The London headquarters of Control Risks, right, one of the security firms involved in anything from providing intelligence in politically sensitive areas like Afghanistan where, above, Mujahadeen ambush a Russian convoy, to kidnap negotiation. After unsuccessful negotiations through Control Risks, supermarket chief Don Tidey was finally released in Dublin, far left, having being held by the Provisional IRA.**

Washington defence establishment, who enjoyed the dual blessing of profit and patriotism while secretly doing the White House's dirty work.

Much of the work was carried out in London and some of the people they used were British. The exposure of Oliver North in Washington has suddenly cast light on the ubiquitous former SAS men and their security com-



panies. The picture that emerges is both alarming and fascinating. It is now apparent that there is a large pool of former British soldiers, mostly from the SAS, who hire themselves out to powerful security companies, which are usually run by former army and intelligence officers. They are available for a whole range of work from VIP bodyguarding through kidnap negotiation and counter-terrorism to mercenary activity in paramilitary campaigns, *coups* and assassinations. Different companies specialize in different areas.

This is much more than just a *Boy's Own* adventure. It is a set-up which is becoming increasingly attractive to governments, and just as Oliver North with his can-do, go-getter image proved irresistible to Ronald Reagan, so his counterparts in Britain have become indispensable in



► London's corridors of power.

The network of companies represents a privatization of the intelligence community. Initially, the companies developed to soak up the unemployed skills of men leaving the SAS but now they have moved in and taken over some of the most important roles of the police, the Security Service and MI6. The attraction to governments is partly financial—payment by results—but, much more important, it is political.

The development allows the most respectable of governments to by-pass the bureaucracies of state-intelligence services which are always riven with arcane squabbles in hiring their agents. It is something that might easily appeal to Mrs Thatcher who has been embarrassed by MI5 in the exposure of Anthony Blunt, the arrest of Michael Bettaney and the exhuming saga of Peter Wright's book. She has frequently fallen out with MI5 and is known to include MI6 in her off-stated mistrust in the Foreign Office.

Big companies can also hire these agents. And all of it is blissfully, beautifully deniable—or at

least it was until Oliver North got caught out. Tracing back, it is possible to pin-point the birth of this network in July, 1973 when a group of insurance brokers in the City sat down to solve a new problem. Irish and Palestinian terrorism was beginning to sweep through Europe; businessmen and politicians were particularly nervous of being kidnapped and were trying to insure themselves against the result; but the brokers were worried that they did not know enough to set the right premiums and, just as important, they wanted to make sure they would not be the victims of fraudulent claims.

So they set up a new company to hire kidnap specialists who could guide them. The company was called Control Risks and it found its specialists in the SAS. They soon realized that it was not good enough to fix a premium and then retire to the sidelines until a client was kidnapped and a huge ransom paid; they needed to be more involved to try and keep ransom payments down.

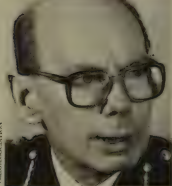
That took them into a morally difficult area where they were negotiating the payment of ransom and, therefore, likely to be accused of encouraging kidnappers. They had a nasty experience in Bogota in 1977 when an American businessman was kidnapped. Two of their people, both former SAS, spent eight months on the job, secured the man's release for a minimum ransom and then found themselves rewarded with a spell in prison when the Colombian police decided they were effectively giving the local criminals an incentive to carry on kidnapping.

They were released after a few weeks but the controversy has stayed with them. Last year they were called in by the family of Jennifer Guinness, the banker's wife who was kidnapped in Dublin. Her captors were demanding £2 million for her safe release, the Control Risks men tried to begin negotiations, but the Irish police saw them as trespassers and became aggressive. Mrs Guinness was soon released when police found the hide-out where she was being held, and Control Risks left Dublin with the Irish Justice Minister, Alan Dukes, swearing that he would outlaw the whole business of kidnap insurance.

But, despite the problems, they have become wealthy. They command an annual retainer of more than £2 million from Lloyds' insurance and charge £1,000 per man per day for their advice. They have expanded



REUTERS



REUTERS

The revelation that Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North, top, secretly hired private companies to divert profits from Iran arms sales to Contra rebels has exposed the twilight existence of international security agencies. Above, Sir Kenneth Newman, the retiring Metropolitan Commissioner, is alleged to be joining Control Risks' list of eminent advisers.

their operation, now also providing an intelligence service for private companies, updating them on the state of terrorist threat in different parts of the world; and they carry out "crisis management studies", for example, advising West End stores on how to react to a bomb threat.

Their clients have included 21 of the world's top 50 banks and 31 of the 50 biggest industrial corporations. They have also enlisted the help of some of the most powerful and prestigious figures in the world of intelligence and security. The Control Risks roll-call includes former Metropolitan Commissioner Sir Robert Mark; former Governor of Rhodesia Lord Soames; former Commander in Chief of UK Land Forces Field Marshal Sir John Stanier; former chief of the British army in Northern Ireland General Sir Frank King; two former heads of military intelligence in Northern Ireland; and numerous former SAS officers.

The big names have not been frightened off by the controversy surrounding the company and it has been reported that the retiring Metropolitan Commissioner Sir Kenneth Newman might join them. This wooing of security stars is a bizarre policy; many of those close to Control Risks think it is simply a waste of money since people of this calibre tend to be very expensive

but also past their prime. It appears to reflect the personality of the SAS officer who now runs the company, Major Arish Turle MC, former Greenjacket and SAS squadron leader, who left the army in 1976 without having satisfied his ambition to take command. "The company is the command" he never had," according to a colleague. "That's why he hires these people."

The most important name in the company's history is not nearly so well known. Major David John Walker was the first managing director of Control Risks, a job he took on leaving the SAS in 1974. He was there for only three years, during which time he tried to take the company into the far more sensitive area of paramilitary work for foreign governments. To do this, he set up a subsidiary called KMS and when his fellow directors expressed doubts, he organized a buy-out and went out alone.

Ten years later KMS is the most powerful mercenary outfit in Europe. Oliver North is only the most recent—and the most unfortunate—of its clients. Its most important has been the Sultan of Oman, who ousted his father in a coup which was organized with the help of an older generation of SAS men and who has rewarded the regiment by giving KMS a long-running multi-million-dollar contract to train and equip his special forces.

The company has also worked in Pakistan, where the government asked it to evaluate its special forces regiment. To do this, KMS is said to have taken it across the border into Afghanistan and set it up in a fight with Russian troops which unfortunately included a unit from the Russian equivalent of the SAS, the Spetsnaz.

In Sri Lanka, KMS has set up and is still training the Special Task Force which is spearheading the government's campaign against Tamil separatists. But some of the KMS men have walked out in protest after the Special Task Force started torturing and killing Tamil villagers.

In all this, according to men who have worked for KMS, the company is acting with the knowledge of people within the Whitehall Establishment. They say that contracts receive tacit approval in Whitehall and that some of its work may even be procured for the company by British intelligence. For example, the Sri Lankan government is said to have asked the Foreign Office for a detachment of regular SAS men; the Foreign Office refused on the grounds that this might upset the Indian government, which supports Tamil nationalists. However, the Sri Lankan government found the counter-terrorist expertise it needed within KMS. So neither India nor Sri Lanka was offended.



REUTERS

London's security strongholds: top, Saladin Security in Sloane Street; above, KMS, a branch of Control Risks, in Abingdon Road; and, left, Defence Systems Ltd on Albert Embankment. Such companies can operate as agents for governments, enabling them to bypass bureaucratic and diplomatic channels to secure private advantage with other countries. In Sri Lanka, for example, KMS is helping in the government's campaign against Tamil separatists. Above left, a Tamil victim.

In the same way Saladin Security, an off-shoot of KMS, provides former SAS bodyguards, who earn a fortune for the company and a diplomatic advantage for the British Government. Clients have included the Saudi ambassador in Washington, who pays £700,000 a year for 18 former SAS men; the former Saudi oil minister, Sheikh Yamani; the deposed Sudanese President Nimeiri; and the Aga Khan.

David Walker, who has just bought out his fellow shareholders in Saladin, is said by his colleagues to be on first-name terms with the Prime Minister. Taxed on this in the House of Commons, Mrs Thatcher has refused to reply. Walker's friends speak of him going round to Downing Street for private chats with the Prime Minister.

After repeated questions from opposition MPs, the Foreign

Office has now admitted hiring KMS to provide bodyguards for its diplomats in trouble spots like Kampala and Beirut. But it still denies using the company for paramilitary operations.

Other SAS officers have tried to emulate KMS but with less success. J. Donne Holdings folded after it was exposed in the Press for selling techniques of sabotage and "silent killing" to clients, who included Colonel Gaddafi. Some of its former personnel were then linked with an attempted coup in the Maldives. Special Project Consultants ran into trouble when a director, former SAS trooper Brian Crapper, was questioned by the Anti-Terrorist Branch about his links with Libyan hit squads in London.

The live issue—which will decide the future of KMS and many of the other companies—is the extent to which all this turns out to have been known and approved by the British Government. It is that highly sensitive area which the Congressional inquiry in Washington has kept threatening to uncover. ◊

on hijackers at Mogadishu, DSI, has picked up lucrative contracts in Angola, Mozambique, Uganda, Indonesia and the Philippines, swallowing up two smaller companies—Intersec and Falconstar—along the way.

They have had some trouble in Uganda, when their client was deposed; and in Angola, where a group of their men were kidnapped by UNITA rebels in 1984 while organizing security for diamond mines in the north of the country. The men were force-marched nearly 1,000 miles through the bush, held for three months and finally released after intense diplomatic activity.

DSI, who emerged in the last two years as the only challenger to KMS's pre-eminence. There are many in the SAS world who would like KMS pushed off its perch, who are jealous of its superb contacts in Whitehall and who complain that it is always passed the juiciest contracts. The key to the future of all of the companies lies in Whitehall.

The experience of central America is most likely to yield the truth. For in its relentless pursuit of Oliver North, the American Congress has dragged out more and more information about the role of KMS in the secret US support for the Contras.

We now know that David Walker was called in by North as soon as Congress vetoed military aid for the Contras in October, 1984 and that he was brought in on the advice of no less a figure than the then US Navy Secretary John Lehman. We also know that Walker suggested that KMS men could go into the Nicaraguan capital, Managua, and destroy government helicopters on the ground; and that North introduced him to the Contra leader Adolfo Calero together with a bank draft for \$20 million and the suggestion that "you make use of some of it for my British friend."

The London Daily News has disclosed that KMS sent teams of men to central America to train Contras and that this was arranged through a Vietnam veteran, Lieutenant-Colonel William Mott IV, who was then deputy defence attaché at the American Embassy in London.

The live issue—which will decide the future of KMS and many of the other companies—is the extent to which all this turns out to have been known and approved by the British Government. It is that highly sensitive area which the Congressional inquiry in Washington has kept threatening to uncover. ◊

Nick Davies is a feature writer on The London Daily News.



# KIDNAP

Marie Colvin, an American journalist, finds that Beirut is somewhere no sane westerner should visit

**T**he verdecchio was chilling nicely. The langoustines were large and juicy. The diners in the garden of the Quo Vadis restaurant were just beginning to tell each other that life in West Beirut could be civilized after all.

Suddenly the genteel hubbub of conversation was swamped by a massively amplified voice coming from a loudspeaker van outside announcing the death of another Hizbollah "martyr" in fighting in south Lebanon. "This will go on all night now," said my companion, a Beirut resident educated in these things by 12 years of civil war.

It is possible, often for whole days at a time, to imagine that there is such a thing as security in West Beirut. But the kidnapping of Charles Glass in June shows that no matter how many precautions one takes, no matter how intimate one's knowledge of the place and no matter how exalted one's connections there, Beirut is not somewhere for sane westerners to visit.

Apart from aid workers, journalists are the only westerners who regularly visit West Beirut these days, and they are a tiny handful compared to the media hordes of the golden days when Beirut was in a sense the capital of the Middle East. American media organizations have banned their correspondents from visiting West Beirut and those who risk setting foot in the relatively safe eastern half of the city are armed with a comforting note from their employers telling them that the company accepts no liability should anything nasty befall them. On the whole it is left to a small band of Brits, French and the odd Scandinavian to provide an outsider's view of the place.

On most nights of the week they can be encountered in the Charlie Brown pub in the Hotel Camille. After a few drinks, the conversation will turn towards the morbid question of what if any are the

precautions one can take to avoid joining the 30 foreign hostages currently held in Lebanon.

One of the essential precautions I take on any trip to West Beirut is to hire Abed, a driver with a beaten-up blue Mercedes. It would insult Abed to call him a taxi driver.

Drivers like Abed know things that can save your life, such as who controls a street and where the checkpoints are. This is less crucial now that some 7,000 Syrians are in Beirut to keep order although their hold appears to be crumbling. When the militias ruled Beirut, control of a street could shift overnight.

You are probably never more cautious than the first time you go into West Beirut. The media images of the last decade are an insufficient preparation for the grimness of the place. Everything looks sinister. On my first visit I was the only foreigner on the Middle East Airline flight from Cyprus. Abed had been recommended by another journalist and I teleaxed ahead for him to meet me at the airport. On arrival, it is advisable to show one's passport to as few people as possible since the airport is still infiltrated with militia spies, and word of an arriving American goes out quickly. Abed had been described to me as "short, balding and with a moustache". Every taxi driver fitted this description so it was Abed who found me.

The drive from the airport is sobering. Several hostages have been taken along the rather desolate stretch of highway, including British journalist John McCarthy, and drivers point out the location of each kidnapping in the nonchalant manner of a British cabbie pointing out Big Ben to a visitor from Springfield, Illinois.

The friendliness of Beirut means that inevitably within a few hours you begin to feel that the dangers of the place have been exaggerated. This sense of well-being is compounded if your well-being is compounded if you have taken the necessary precautions. You never, for example, reserve a hotel in advance in



Alec Collet, a journalist working with the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, was kidnapped on March 25, 1985. The Revolutionary Organisation of Socialist Muslims later claimed to have hanged him. His family has held a memorial service for him.

West Beirut as militias have been known to infiltrate the staff with their spies. Westerners for years stayed at the Commodore Hotel, but even before it was destroyed in the militia street war in March they had abandoned it. Word had got out that there were informers among the hotel staff, a rumour that was strengthened by the fact that John McCarthy was kidnapped after he left the hotel for the airport and was being escorted by a hotel car. The Summerland on the coast at the southern edge was the next best option until this spring, when two West Germans were kidnapped from their rooms there. Now it is the Cavalier, in the centre of town. Guards are outside and guests are only too happy when an extra whiskey or so is added to the bill for them.

There are other key things every Beirut visitor carries in his head like a survivalist's checklist. Never walk down a street alone; indeed, go out as seldom as poss-



John McCarthy, acting bureau chief of World Wide Television News, was kidnapped while driving to Beirut airport on April 17, 1986. No group has claimed responsibility for his abduction and the Foreign Office do not know who is holding him.

ible, because the fewer people who see you the fewer know you are in town. You make the rounds of the militia offices for the individual passes they give out and are then less likely to have to show your passport at checkpoints. Always have some cash, preferably American dollars, in your wallet. Beirut runs on baksheesh, or petty bribes, and a \$100 bill can get you out of a tight spot. Then, of course, there are the individual precautions. One correspondent insists on a first-floor hotel room so that if a kidnapping squad comes during the night he can jump out of the window. I carry a scarf in the glove compartment. Travelling through any of the fiercely Islamic neighbourhoods, a woman with her head covered in the traditional way is simply less noticed. You keep track of the outside news. It can have a direct effect on the events in Beirut. The two West Germans were grabbed shortly after West Ger-

man police arrested the Lebanese suspect in the hijacking of a TWA flight to Beirut. His release was demanded as their ransom.

But it is easy to get lulled into a sense of security. Incredibly, Beirut is still a fun city. A semblance of normal life goes on when the fighting stops just weeks after the Syrians stepped in to stop a militia street war that had left hundreds dead and kept people in their homes for almost a month, the new Daniel Hechter collection arrived in a Hamra street boutique and bars were packed again until 3am. A new jazz club called the Blue Note opened and immediately became a hangout of the bright polyglot young Beirutis who have never abandoned the place.

Friends who live here tend to poke fun a little at your fears, partly because they want any visitor from the outside to stay a while but mostly because they have become inured to the dangers. The arrival of the Syrians

in February and their subsequent invitation to foreigners to come back seemed to signal a return to something like normality. Boredom has inevitably eroded the watchfulness of the troops who now wave traffic through the checkpoints with scarcely a glance inside the vehicles.

The bearded zealots of Hizbollah, who were briefly herded back into the southern suburbs, have reassured their arrogant presence on the streets. It is necessary to drive through the seaside suburb of Ourza, where Charles Glass was captured, to see the full extent of their cockiness, and feel the chill of fear that it induces. Pennants in the green, black and red of Iran flutter over the road, which is dominated by a large Hizbollah headquarters pumping out an endless stream of Islamic exhortations.

Most outsiders find that after three or four days paranoia sets in. That is not the correct term, for it refers to a state of unjusti-

Terry Waite, the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy, was kidnapped in Beirut on January 20, 1987 while trying to negotiate the release of hostages, in particular Terry Anderson, the American bureau chief of Associated Press. No claims have been made as to who might be holding Waite but the latest reports suggested he had been taken to the Iranian city of Qom or that he had died of natural causes.

fied anxiety. As the kidnapping of Charles Glass shows, anything can happen to any foreigner in West Beirut. Glass was a cautious and responsible reporter who did everything possible to protect himself. Friends seeking to arrange a dinner date with him while he was in town had to negotiate through a third party. Even Glass's cautiousness was tragically insufficient to protect him. The only sure way of avoiding being kidnapped in Beirut is by not going there.



## MOUSSES

"Swamped"—Quenelle de Mousse Crèmeuse de Truite Fumée, Simply Nico  
1,700,000—Sole Mousse, The Connaught Restaurant

## MAIN COURSES

"Swamped"—Salmon Salad Dorchester, The Dorchester Grill Room  
4,000,000—Steak Tartare, Le Caprice  
1,600,000—Tranche de Foie de Veau, Tante Claire

## PÂTÉS

"Swamped"—Chopped Liver, Le Caprice  
34,000,000—Pâté de Turbot, The Connaught Restaurant  
12,000,000—Ballotine de Foie Gras, Simply Nico

## FRUIT

9,000,000—Strawberries, The Dorchester Grill Room  
4,500,000—Cherries, Le Gavroche  
1,000,000—Strawberries, Le Gavroche

## VEGETABLES

2,500,000—Cold Ratatouille, The Connaught Restaurant

## SALAD

9,000,000—Lettuce, Le Caprice

Restaurant dishes in which ILN analysts found a bacteria count of 1,000,000 per gram or above.

"Swamped" means covered with swarming bacteria.

# THE MILLION BUG MEALS

Their dishes may be delicious, their ambience may be elegant, but how clean is the food served by the premier restaurants in the capital? *The Illustrated London News* carried out a survey and found that the gourmets are getting more than they bargained for. Simon Horsford reports.

The turbot pâté served at the Connaught Restaurant in Mayfair is so exceptional that it merits a special mention in *The Good Food Guide*. Le Pâté de Turbot Froid au Homard, Sauce Pudeur, to give the dish its full name, is particularly commended for its sauce which "smells of history".

The significance of this must be left open to interpretation; suffice it to say that a microbiological analysis found 34 million bacteria per gram in the pâté. It was among the highest figures in our survey of the purity of the food served in London's best restaurants. The flesh of freshly caught fish is usually bacteria-free. The figure can further be contrasted with the maximum acceptable recognized level of 1 million bacteria in a gram of uncooked chicken. The pâté, of course, was cooked.





Analyst Alan Mole was surprised to find such high counts.

A high count is not dangerous in itself, merely unacceptable, especially when placed against the figure acquired at a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet, about a mile from the Connaught Restaurant in the West End.

It is a great deal further in a gourmet's terms and few of the diners at the Connaught Restaurant would care to be seen queuing up for a red and white box containing two portions of Colonel Sanders' chicken. However, they may be impressed to hear that Kentucky Fried Chicken scored the best mark in the survey. There was not a sign of bacteria in either portion.

In the survey we selected six restaurants, all renowned for their impeccable food, efficient service and elegant environment. They were the Connaught Restaurant, the Dorchester Grill Room, Le Gavroche, La Tante Claire, Simply Nico and Le Caprice. We also analysed the food from a home-cooked meal, take-away food bought from McDonald's in Oxford Street and the Kentucky Fried Chicken in Tottenham Court Road.

The results may be summarized as the following:

- Five out of six restaurants served at least one cooked dish that registered an unacceptably high bacteria count. Several restaurants served fresh fruit or vegetables containing surprisingly high levels.
- Mousses and pâtés, both conspicuous elements of *nouvelle cuisine*, were particularly susceptible to bacterial contamination.
- The home-cooked meal using freshly bought ingredients had very low bacteria counts.
- The two fast-food meals

revealed negligible readings which indicated high standards of hygiene.

The bacteria levels are remarkable, even to the microbiologist Alan Mole, whose laboratories carried out our primary analysis: "We test many cooked and raw products for bacteria counts. We have not seen counts as high as this, with the exception of some very dubiously cooked sausage [not part of the *ILN* survey] which did cause some problems. This does not mean the food is dangerous, it's just very, very surprising to find these amounts in *this* food."

But to return to the turbot pâté. The main point is that original cooking should have reduced the bacteria count to a negligible level which should have been maintained during storage. The pâté was harmless but the high figure does indicate that more dangerous organisms might be able to survive and appear on the dish in front of the customer. It did not happen on this occasion, but it could.

Drew Smith, editor of *The Good Food Guide*, confirms that while French *haute cuisine* may be the best cooking in the world, it is susceptible to contamination through poor standards of hygiene. "I am always suspicious of mousses and terrines in restaurants and rarely eat them myself," he observed. "Large hotel kitchens, which may be on 24 hour call, can have a problem in finding time for thorough cleaning. A fish mousse may contain yesterday's turbot that was not sold. And some top chefs argue that the taste of terrine will improve if it is kept. But your findings confirm my own view that the best way to ensure ➤



**The Connaught Restaurant**  
**Carlos Place, W1**  
**One Michelin star**  
**A la carte meal without wine:**  
**from about £32.50**

Spacious, formal dining in a room remarkable for its polished mahogany panelling and huge central chandelier. The French chef, Michel Bourdin, provides a huge choice with about 100 dishes listed, of which some 30 change daily. *The Good Food Guide* comments, "A good example of the kind of grand-hotel food that has dominated British catering for a century."

	<b>Bacteria per gram</b>
Pâté de Turbot Froid au Homard, Sauce Pudeur	34 million
Sole Mousse	1.7 million
Kidney and bacon—kidney	4,000
Cold ratatouille	2.5 million
Purée de Céleri Rave	6,000
Strawberries	170,000



**Simply Nico**  
**Rochester Row, SW1**  
**Two Michelin stars**  
**A la carte meal without wine:**  
**from about £31**

The restaurant was awarded two Michelin stars even before it opened last December. Brightly lit, small premises seating 36 diners, and currently one of the hardest restaurants in town at which to secure a table with less than a week's notice. Nico Ladenis, the self-taught owner-chef, venerates food and has no truck with those who lack a proper respect.

	<b>Bacteria per gram</b>
Ballotine de Foie Gras avec sa gelée	12 million
Quenelle de Mousse Crèmeuse de Truite Fumée à la Crème de Raifort	swamped
Suprême de Poulet au Gruyère	0
Loup de mer au Fenouil	120,000
Fresh fruit	82,000

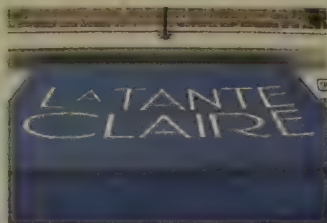


**Le Gavroche**  
**Upper Brook Street, W1**  
**Three Michelin stars**  
**A la carte meal without wine:**  
**from about £50**

Grand and imposing; credit cards appear to be the only form of currency. *The Good Food Guide* suggests that "Albert Roux's vision of a great restaurant is of its catering to aristocracy, to the rich, and also to those who love food and want to feel rich and aristocratic. The ambitions are simply greater than any other restaurant in London."

	<b>Bacteria per gram</b>
Mouclade d'Aunis	3,000
Médailles de Lotte grillés au riz sauvage	0
Green salad	1,000
Strawberries	1 million
Cherries	4.5 million





**La Tante Claire**  
Royal Hospital Road, SW3  
Two Michelin stars  
A la carte meal without wine:  
from about £35

	Bacteria per gram
Coquilles St Jacques aux Gingembre	230,000
Tranche de Foie de Veau	1.6 million
Homard au Four à la Vinaigrette d'Orange	73,000
Mousse d'Avocat	250,000
Green salad	210,000

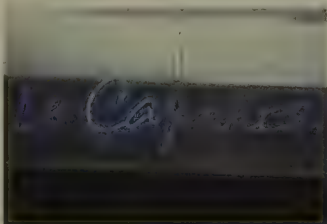
Light and prettily decorated restaurant with pastel colours predominating. The limited number of covers and tables are always in demand. Pierre Koffmann, the owner-chef, is praised in *The Good Food Guide* for "the subtlety of the saucing that distinguishes him as one of the finest French chefs of his generation".



**The Dorchester Grill Room**  
Park Lane, W1  
A la carte meal without wine:  
from about £25

	Bacteria per gram
South Coast Scallops with tomatoes and saffron	0
Symphonie of Seafood served in its own juices (cuisine naturelle)	—salmon 10,000
Salmon Salad "Dorchester"	swamped
Maize-fed chicken filled with ginger wine stuffing	110,000
Strawberries	9 million

Less expensive than the Dorchester Terrace restaurant and with a menu which is largely British—centre stage are the roasts of the day. The Gault-Millau *Best of London* guide comments: "In Mosimann's hands, the most hackneyed dishes of the British culinary repertoire became fresh and new." Heavy decor accentuates the essential Britishness of the place.



**Le Caprice**  
Arlington Street, SW1  
A la carte meal without wine:  
from about £17.50

	Bacteria per gram
Chopped liver	swamped
Turbot, Salmon and Scallops on Lobster Sauce	
—salmon	900,000
—scallop	210,000
Steak Tartare	4 million
Green salad	9 million
Strawberries	800,000

Chic with an Art Deco-style decor. Popular with celebrities and other restaurateurs. *The Good Food Guide* comments, "Perfect for every occasion: business lunches, after-theatre dinners, children's birthdays and so on. The food is at its best when simple—salmon cru au citron vert—followed by calf's liver."



**McDonald's**  
Oxford Street, W1  
Big Mac hamburger  
Bacteria per gram 60,000



**Kentucky Fried Chicken**  
Tottenham Court Road, W1  
Two chicken pieces  
Bacteria per gram 0

HOME COOKED MEAL PREPARED BY A FOOD STYLIST	
	Bacteria per gram
Crayfish with hollandaise sauce	46,000
Salmon Trout with aspic	2,000
Lamb's kidney with red wine sauce	6,000
Lamb's liver with a red wine sauce	55,000
Hot broccoli mousse with fresh tomato sauce	less than 100
Green salad	swamped
Strawberries	6,000

cleanliness is to prepare food freshly on a daily basis."

The results in detail prove illuminating. The two laboratories employed agreed where the problems were.

Aside from the turbot pâté, the Connaught produced two further disturbing counts which were singled out by the analysts. The cold ratatouille registered a count of 2.5 million per gram and the sole mousse in the hors d'oeuvres registered 1.7 million per gram. It is, of course, impossible to know how these dishes acquired such contamination but it surprised Restec's analyst particularly because both dishes had at some stage been cooked.

The Caprice scored very high on a portion of chopped liver which was said by the analyst to be "swamped" with a type of bacteria called proteus which replicates so rapidly that it can cover the entire culture plate within 12-24 hours. "Swamped" is a scientific term which describes the rapid growth of a "spreader" bacterium. Some lettuce served with the meal had a very high reading in the Restec laboratories, but a low one from the checking analyst. Such discrepancy can arise with uncooked salads or fruit where contamination can be highly localized.

Simply Nico is a new restaurant opened by Nico Ladenis in Pimlico which has already acquired the status of a gourmet shrine. Mr Ladenis has the very highest standards and he has been known to eject customers whose attitude he deems less than sufficiently respectful. He is one of the greatest cooks of our time. For that lunch his waiters served our representatives with

Quenelle de Mousse Crémeuse de Truite Fumée à la Crème de Raifort. The analysts' language was rather less long-winded. The report read: "Swamped in bacteria".

And now for the Dorchester Grill, which comes under the aegis of another great cook, Mr Anton Mosimann. There is, naturally, no way that every bacterium and microscopic organism can be eliminated from such a large and busy operation. However, it will doubtless concern Mr Mosimann that the main course of the meal served contained unusually high levels of contamination. The cold salmon was "swamped" with what was later identified as proteus and bacillus species—which are not harmful, but they raised an eyebrow or two at the laboratories in the Midlands. What its presence in the Dorchester salmon indicates, according to the *ILN* analyst, is "poor hygiene, poor storage, insufficient cooking or any combination of these".

Most of the restaurants insist that cleanliness is a priority, although the Caprice and Dorchester did not want to talk about it. The Connaught, Tante Claire, Le Gavroche and Simply Nico all regard fresh food as imperative. Their attitude is summed up by Mr Koffmann of Tante Claire.

"We are a small restaurant and everything is brand new—we got a new kitchen two years ago. We buy fresh food every day and we wash all our vegetables. Dishes are prepared new every day and we prepare only what we know we will sell."

Naturally, acquiring the samples discreetly in these shrines of good living presented some ➤➤➤



problems but we followed a procedure laid down by the analysts, who wanted to ensure that their tests accurately reflected the state of the meals as served.

All the restaurant samples were gathered during lunch on June 22 when each restaurant was visited by two representatives of the *ILN*. Two large portions of each food item to be tested were transferred into separate plastic freezer bags using the fork or spoon supplied as clean by the restaurant. The use of the restaurant's cutlery, rather than sterile equipment, was intentional because we were seeking to reflect the behaviour of an ordinary diner in the restaurant. At no time was there any physical contact between *ILN* representatives and the samples. The sample bags were immediately sealed and placed in specially adapted camera bags containing two "Freezela" ice packs.

The samples were transferred into two cold-store boxes, packed with ice blocks and dispatched to the Restec Food Laboratories in Worcestershire and to a second analyst in London. The samples were at all times kept cold until analysis began. The use of a second reputable firm of analysts was a back-up to the accuracy of our survey.

All samples were analysed to determine a total viable count (TVC) which, put simply, estimates the number of bacteria that are alive and able to reproduce. This is a standard method for testing the general hygiene of food and is carried out by taking readings at 30°C at 24, 48 and 72 hour intervals. The food was also cultured for food-poisoning organisms.

There appears to be one complicating factor in the procedure which was considered and explained by Alan Mole: "It is possible that, during transit, multiplication of the bacteria might have occurred. This would have been minimal because of the effect of chilling in a freezer box and we do not consider any increase to have been of any significance because there were examples of minimal counts in each batch." A crucial point is that the standard method of analysis by serial dilution (repeated 10 per cent dilution) enables the analyst to provide an accurate indication of the bacterial count for food at the time it was served.

As a rule, cooked food should present no risk to the consumer. Even when there are counts as high as a million bacteria per gram and over, it does not

## HOW FOOD IS CONTAMINATED IN KITCHENS

Failure to wash implements properly. A knife, for instance, should never be used on two separate foods without being washed in between.

Preparation of raw and cooked foods in the same area.

Failure to kill bacteria through insufficient cleaning of chopping boards and surfaces (detergents and hot water kill most bacteria).

Failure to store creams and sauces, especially, at sufficiently low temperatures.

Overloading of refrigerators which prevents food being stored below 4°C—above which bacteria readily multiply.

Frequent use of gelatines and gravies, which are ideal breeding grounds for bacteria.



The samples come in for scrutiny at Restec Laboratory.

## A QUESTION OF CHEMISTRY

Microscopic life is not the only element of modern food analysis. During the aftermath of the Chernobyl explosion, for instance, a considerable quantity of meat and of fresh vegetables was screened for possible radioactive contamination. There are other less spectacular sources of contamination in which Restec specializes. The work has largely grown out of the producers' need to grow food and to fatten livestock quickly.

Almost every country in Europe is now keeping watch on the amounts of pesticides and herbicides present in fruits and vegetables. It would be invidious to name the restaurants in which *The Illustrated London News* acquired the fruits and vegetables that proved positive in these tests because the presence of pesticides is completely out of the control of any individual restaurant. Nonetheless, the Restec laboratory was surprised at the discovery of chlorinated fungicide in three samples of strawberries.

"In health terms," said the head of the laboratory, "it is doubtful whether these levels are significant . . . but the occurrence of residues is somewhat worrying. There are very few controls on the use of pesticides in the UK, although the Pesticide Working Party do take the discovery of residues seriously. The problem is that too few home-grown and imported foods are checked. The risks are greater for imported produce from countries where organochlorines, including DDT, are in use."

necessarily mean that the consumer will suffer any ill-effects. What it does show is that there was a sloppiness in preparation or storage or handling of the food which could allow for further and possibly more harmful contamination.

One main conclusion from the analysis is that it is possible to produce more or less bacteria-free cooked food both in large quantities and in the home kitchen. Major fast food companies such as McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken impose detailed controls to prevent the contamination of the dishes sold in their hundreds of outlets.

McDonald's, for instance, has a rule that if hot food remains unsold 10 minutes after it has been prepared, it is disposed of. The company has 234 branches in Britain and is acutely aware of the commercial consequences that just one case of contamination could have on its establishments. McDonald's has a thick manual of rules which cover every stage of the business including the supply, transport, off-loading, frequency of delivery, coding and rotational use of the various ingredients.

The standards are confirmed by the survey. A McDonald's hamburger had a negligible TVC of 60,000. And, of course, we have already mentioned the perfect score of nil, achieved by Kentucky Fried Chicken. The company, like McDonald's, has fixed rules and regulations, established hygiene standards and a detailed operational manual.

It may reasonably be argued that great cooking is not about fixed rules and operational manuals. It is about inspiration, rare skills and the gradually accumulated knowledge of tastes. As Robert Burton observed 350 years ago, "Cookery is an art: it is a science. Cooks are gentlemen." And today most cooks would support the notion that total hygiene leads to the sort of blandness purveyed by the fast-food chains. Matthew Fort, a cookery writer and one of the new generation of inspired cooks said, "There is not necessarily a link between good food and hygiene. Indeed, if you take McDonald's as the standard, you could say the reverse is true."

But, clearly, it is not a case of having *either* good food *or* good hygiene and it must be reasonable for a customer who is paying as much as £50 a head to expect the standard of hygiene found in the Kentucky Fried Chicken sold in the Tottenham Court Road ○



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# THE UNKINDEST CUT

Savile Row is under threat. Henry Porter finds some tailors agitated, others unaware.



Above, Harry Errington and Brian Burstow stand in the shop at 8A Sackville Street in Mayfair. Their immediate future seems secure, but how long will it last? Right, a craftsman sits in the traditional lotus position of the tailor at Anderson & Sheppard.

It took about a month for the important news about planning regulations to travel the few yards from the tailors in Savile Row to their bespoke colleagues in Sackville Street. Clearly, a tailor's sense of urgency is restricted to the choosing, chalking and cutting of cloth: to fittings, turn-ups, tucks and waistbands. Complicated changes in The Town & Country Planning Order 1972 do not generally figure as a priority.

We know it took a month to arrive in Sackville Street because this reporter happened to be in the tailors Carr, Son & Woollen when the topic of planning was raised. A man named Eric, who was leafing through a ream of invoices, announced that someone somewhere in Whitehall was talking about some new measure that might have a bearing on the most famous tailoring industry in the world, but he was not very sure what that might be.

Mr Brian Burstow, who

appeared to be the big wheel round the shop at 8A Sackville Street, was marginally more informed: "No, Eric, the talking's done now. The talking's finished and there is nothing you or I can do about it, Eric." Eric returned to his invoices while Mr Burstow moved out of Eric's hearing to find out what had been done.

Broadly, it is this. A few days before the General Election, a period when tailoring is not uppermost in the public mind, the Secretary of State for the Environment, Nicholas Ridley, changed the regulations on the use of some commercial property. Light industrial premises may now be described as light offices. This appears to be an innocent adjustment but it threatens to effect a speedy end to Savile Row, its character and its traditions. Should the landlords of the area take advantage of the new measure, which allows them to change the description of a building without

referring to the leaseholder or planning committees, the workshops of Savile Row will be stripped out and replaced by the sanitized interior design of the modern office, and the expertise of the cutters and stitchers will be dispersed all over the cheaper areas of London. The change is important because it allows the landlord to charge up to four times the rent for the same premises: light office space is more valuable than light industrial space, especially in Mayfair.

The tailors will simply not be able to afford to stay because they cannot pass on the cost to their customers.

There is not the slightest comprehension of this threat at 8A Sackville Street. It is an odd set-up which in a sense embodies the difficulties that Savile Row has already faced. There are six firms located there which implies huge numbers of staff but each represents just one or two individuals. All that is left of Errington

& White is now Mr Harry Errington, a mild and benign man of 76 who won the George Cross in the war after entering a burning building several times to save a number of people. Mr Burstow has little respect for Mr Errington's years and shouted down to the basement, "Let's be having you, Harry, we want to know about the changes round here."

Harry Errington was lithe for his age and he would have been a lot quicker up the steps had not the tea boy, George Franklin, who is 86, been proceeding slowly to the ground floor with a tray of cups. Mr Errington looked out on Sackville Street and pointed to a building which was now under development by a Dutch company. Where there were once tiny tailoring operations behind every window, there were now bland offices. He did not know much about the measures but he surmised that things would not be changing for the better.

At Anderson & Sheppard in Savile Row itself everyone is rather more on the ball. This is, perhaps, an embodiment of all the traditions and manners of Savile Row. Messrs Anderson and Sheppard are deceased but their successors preserve the shop as it was in 1922 when it moved from across the road. The only visible change is the introduction of the odd window display, which appears to have been preceded by intense debate at Anderson & Sheppard. Inside the workshops, cutting and fitting rooms are exactly the same as they were. The tailors themselves stand along a row of clerk's desks looking like an illustration from a Dickens novel. Their manner is polite, but never obsequious. Their relationship with their customers, who are eminent and rich, is a rare one in which respect flows both ways. Their suits, aside from the fact that their basic design has not changed for 50 years, are not just

suits that can be bought anywhere. Dennis Hallbery, the oldest partner, put it this way: "If a customer walked out of our shop and he met a friend who said, 'What a splendid new suit,' we would not be pleased. A suit should not look new."

The discretion of Mr Hallbery and his partners makes the secret service look positively garrulous. However, they have overcome their aversion to publicity to fight Nicholas Ridley's order. And they are proving rather good at it. American clients have been invited to write to the British Ambassador in Washington and British customers have been asked to write to their MPs. Mr Hallbery has a twinkle in his eye and is particularly fond of revealing that the Secretary of State is the sort of man who has his suits made in Hong Kong.

Our conversation was inter-

rupted by the arrival of a man who was referred to as the ambassador. There was a great deal of fuss and deference on the tailors' part but it was clear that the ambassador was more in awe of them than they of him. Mr Hallbery returned to make several cogent points. "It is not as if ours is a declining business: more young men are coming in than have done for the last 20 years and we do a huge business in America. I mean to say, we know several gentlemen who come to England just to have their suits made."

Anderson & Sheppard have renegotiated their lease for a further six years but the future after that is uncertain because the landlords seem likely to want to insert a redevelopment clause in the lease.

Robert Bright, of Wells of Mayfair, who is leading the fight on behalf of all the tailors, is incensed by the sudden threat to perfectly healthy businesses.

"Soon Mayfair will look like the City of London. It will be dead and soulless like any other office area. We are about to lose an infrastructure of workrooms which can never be remade. It's an amenity that will be lost to the world, not just London." He points out that the new Order will affect shirtmakers, jewellers and cobblers, whose profit margins will be threatened.

What enrages everyone connected with Savile Row is that the imminent dispersal and probably outright destruction of the tailor's businesses is an inadvertent result of an order which was introduced in the name of efficiency. Nobody wants Harry Errington to find new premises near King's Cross or St Pancras away from his customers, and nobody in their right minds could desire an end to the healthy profitability of Savile Row, but they look certain to come about unless Mr Ridley agrees to make an exception to his rule.





# PICTURES

A picture is worth a thousand words, they say. But what if that picture deceives?

As public scepticism of the ability of the Press to distinguish truth from fiction increases, a revolution in the photographic industry is likely to cause even further unrest.

Issues now being raised affect everyone from the photographers to those who reproduce their work, and especially those who see it on the printed page.

The problem has been caused by new technology, a sophisticated computer graphics process in which British equipment has led the field. Called digital imaging, it was developed as a brilliant method of electronic retouching and colour separation, breaking down a photographic transparency into tiny electronic units that can be stored, transmitted across the world in minutes—or simply reassembled in a different form to build a different picture.

It is this last which is at the centre of the issue. Digital imaging can move mountains. It can move people, places and objects, a little or a great deal. It can add any one image to any other. And although there have always been ways of changing pictures, first with scissors and paste, then with later retouching and scanning methods, the new threat is also the new promise: it can be done perfectly, without trace, and can then be replicated in endless quantities without recourse to a negative.

In America there was concern when *National Geographic* magazine—highly respected for the integrity of its contents—nudged a pyramid along the desert to overlap the one beside it for better composition on the cover. Its editor, Wilbur Garrett, maintained that the move did not alter the picture's truth any more than photographic filters and lenses had already.

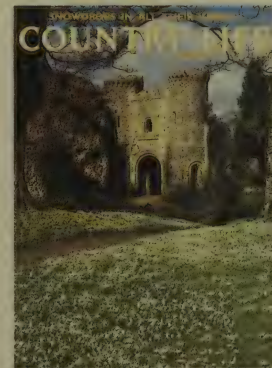
The alert and expert readership of *National Geographic* noticed the pyramid's move and protested. Other manipulations are not so obvious. How many of *Today's* readers, for instance, realize that the red of the gloves on Myra Hindley's hands as she was pictured helping police



Digital imaging is a form of electronic retouching and colour separation which breaks a photographic transparency down into tiny electronic units that can be reassembled to form a different picture. Crossfield Electronics demonstrated the technique for the *ILN*, top, by thinning the crowds on a Sydney beach. Jann Wenner, editor of the American magazine *Rolling Stone*, is an ardent opponent of handguns and insisted that *Miami Vice* star Don Johnson's pistol and holster be removed by digital imaging for the 1985 cover picture of him with co-star Philip Michael Thomas, above.

# THAT LIE

Fleur Brennan investigates a photographic process that helps to rearrange the truth.



For the February 19, 1987 edition of *Country Life* the original cover photograph, above right, was modified to remove an offending fir tree from behind the gatehouse at Beaulieu Lordship, Hertfordshire, to show the building to better advantage. Snowdrops were also added to enhance a bare patch of grass in the foreground. The magazine's editor, Jenny Greene, had no qualms at doing this because it was for purely visual reasons. "But I would never change anything that mattered to a story." Distorting facts to strengthen an argument is a different—and morally questionable—issue, she maintains.

locate her and Ian Brady's victims on Saddleworth Moor had been intensified?

To *Today's* picture editor, Ron Morgan, this was legitimate use of equipment installed as part of the newspaper's new technology. To others, it might appear to be a journalistic comment on the blood on a murderer's hands.

Ron Morgan says the newspaper regularly uses its new equipment to sharpen pictures and to enhance colour. The police and Hindley were dressed identically, save for Hindley's gloves, and *Today* wanted to identify her. "We went for the gloves and strengthened the colour. We didn't put them there, because they were already there."

"But if it is a legitimate news event we don't use [digital imaging] to alter the pictures. For instance, we wouldn't take Mrs Thatcher from the steps of Downing Street and stand her next to Arthur Scargill on a picket line. Although it would be technically simple, it would be untrue."

Another constraint, he says, is that distortions are often easy to spot because of intensive television coverage of news. "If Maggie Thatcher has a blue hat on and everyone sees it on television, there's not much point in us changing it to a pink one. So we don't even have to make that decision. It doesn't even cross our minds in our day-to-day news coverage. Besides, people are all amateur detectives and if we ever do happen to make a mistake the phones never stop ringing."

Morgan, a Fleet Street journalist for 20 years, emphasizes that the new technology does not turn editors into villains overnight; ethics have concerned them always.

Yet no matter how strong the ethics of some, it is the possibility of undetectable change that causes concern. Dave Hoffman, freelance photographer, says manipulating some pictures can destroy the credibility of all. "When people know what can be done, they tend to think





The picture of Myra Hindley and police searching for graves on the moors, above, was taken at a distance on a grey day. *Today* newspaper intensified the red colour of her gloves to make her instantly distinguishable. In the 1982 *National Geographic* cover shot, right, the pyramid on the right was moved to overlap the other to improve the composition within the magazine's borders, to the consternation of some readers. Similarly, Nickeloid Computer Graphics repositioned the penguins, far right, for *Radio Times*, and matched up the background area so that the join was not apparent. Opposite, horse and man are merged into one image—a centaur—with Crosfield equipment in an Austrian company's brochure selling image-manipulation capabilities.



»→ that every startling picture they see has been faked."

Another freelance photographer, Andrew Wiard, agrees. "When I was in Belfast and a man was killed by a plastic bullet from the police there was an absolute howl of derision at the press conference at which the police tried to explain it away as a bullet that bounced, because we had all seen the picture. But if that picture had been digitized, the credibility would have disappeared. As evidence, it would not have been worth the paper it was printed on."

Wiard believes that a new code of conduct covering digital imaging should be brought into journalistic standards of behaviour. Otherwise, once a few pictures have been known to be

manipulated, those who have a lot to fear from photography will claim all pictures are being distorted.

"The danger will be in the case where a photographer has taken days to get a bent cop and comes up with a smudged print from a telephoto lens—but no one can challenge it. After those pictures are processed electronically, they could be in danger of losing their integrity if they are retouched in any way.

"Nothing should be added to or subtracted from a news photo. Once you start tampering with the truth, where is it going to end?"

To Adam Woolfitt it is a matter of balance. A photographer for *National Geographic*, he objected to the moving of the

pyramid as a profound change, but is happy with *Country Life* taking an offending lamp post out of a shot of the Houses of Parliament for a Christmas issue.

The editor of *Country Life*, Jenny Greene, is aware of the moral question. "I would never change anything that mattered to a story," she says. "If I wanted to show a wood that conservationists were claiming would be ruined by a planned motorway, and the picture had a really rotten eyesore in the middle, I wouldn't remove it to make my case stronger. That would be immoral because it would be distorting the facts to strengthen an argument."

In America, the editor of *Rolling Stone* magazine, Jann Wenner, did just that. A passion-

ate opponent of handguns, he had a cover picture of *Miami Vice* star Don Johnson altered by digital imaging. Wenner insisted that the 1985 picture should run with Johnson's pistol and holster neatly—and invisibly—removed.

In advertising, the public has come to expect some distortion to enhance a product. Yet does the holidaymaker expect interference with travel brochure pictures? John Smith, an executive of one colour reproduction company, Robert Maxwell's C&S of Luton, describes thinning out crowds on a beach to create the impression of a more secluded scene. He claims this is justifiable because there would be times when the beach would be less crowded. "It just happened to be rather full when the photogra-





pher arrived to take the picture, so the holiday company asked us to remove some of the people and replace them with sand."

C&S have done equally cosmetic jobs on Bavarian medieval towns, making television aeriels, street signs and telegraph wires disappear. John Smith thinks the digital imager does nothing but good.

"Our clients are very responsible. In fact, when we were considering intensifying the sea on one holiday brochure last week Thomson's themselves said, 'No, that would be false pretences.' We would never remove a gas-works that was next to a hotel, although we have been known to finish building a hotel that is in the process of construction and remove the scaffolding from the

brochure. But that is because our clients assure us that when the brochure is published the hotel will be ready for occupation. And we haven't had any complaints."

Most of the digital imaging equipment in Britain belongs to full-time printers and colour separators, to which any publication has access. Most of the equipment is supplied by a Hemel Hempstead company, Crosfield Electronics, which has been in the reproduction industry since 1947 and pioneered colour separation, producing the first really viable colour scanner in 1969 able to produce separations to the final print size. From there, they developed the image manipulation and communications equipment. Later, in Germany, Hell produced a similar

system and, in Israel, Scitex came in from the textile-printing end of the business.

A US \$20 million Crosfield system has been installed recently for Time Inc, to speed up production. Operations director Gerard Lelievre in New York played a major role in overseeing its installation. "We wanted to get away from physically transmitting pages from the editorial office in Long Island, NY, to nine different printing centres throughout the States," he said. Previously, they had used a fleet of Lear jets and had needed nine duplicate sets of film, one for each centre. Crosfield Electronics designed a satellite transmission system to hook on the end of their image manipulation and do the job within minutes. It has proved

so successful that Lelievre says: "The question was not whether we could afford it, but whether we could afford not to have it."

*Time* magazine used the new digitizing to spectacular effect during the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Iceland to beam their famous "No Deal" cover picture to hit the streets in America the following day.

From a production-speed point of view, Lelievre finds the new technology invaluable. But, he says: "We wouldn't retouch our pictures, because they are of news events and it would destroy their credibility to alter them in any way. We have clear guidelines not to fool around with pictures. Our readers just wouldn't stand it" ○



The BBC remains in turmoil. Over the past 18 months the corporation has come under political pressure and financial scrutiny. The Director General, Alastair Milne, left and two senior executives follow him this month. We look at the plans and talent they leave behind.

# The brash mandarin

Michael Leapman profiles Alan Yentob, head of BBC television's music and arts department.

Not even Alan Yentob is sure whether this anecdote about him is apocryphal. It dates from when he was producing *Arena*, the enterprising BBC arts series that he effectively invented. A van containing film of an *Arena* programme, already late for processing, draws away from Kensington House, headquarters of the BBC television music and arts department. Suddenly Yentob, lithe and bearded, runs from the front entrance, waving his arms. "Wait a minute," he cries plaintively, "I've had another idea."

True or not, the story illustrates two of 40-year-old Yentob's characteristics that his colleagues most often talk about—his preference for leaving things until the very last minute and beyond, and the round-the-clock activity of his fertile mind. He has brought those qualities to bear on the formerly demoralized music and arts department, as its head for more than two years. And he could soon be deploying them elsewhere, for he has an outside chance of gaining one of the two top jobs in teleculture due to be filled this autumn: controller of BBC2 and head of ITV's Channel 4.

"There are things coming up which clearly I might be interested in," he said guardedly, in response to my questions about the two jobs. "I haven't decided yet what I'm going to do. As I did when I took this job, I've got to make up my mind whether it's something I'm prepared to commit myself to and take on what it demands. The job I have is pretty interesting."

That he is a realistic contender for the two senior positions is a reflection of his achievement since 1985, when he took over a leaderless department bewil-

dered by the fate of his predecessor Richard Somerset-Ward, who resigned after suggestions in *Private Eye* of over-familiarity with young women on his staff. Not everyone then thought Yentob was a good choice. Humphrey Burton, Somerset-Ward's predecessor (and a butt of *Private Eye* for different reasons) discloses: "I told him before he got the job that I didn't think he was right for it. I thought he didn't have enough concern for the middle ground, as opposed to the radical wing that he was best known for, the artistic equivalent of the loony left. But he's proved he can handle both. There's nowadays more about Aretha Franklin and less about Leonard Bernstein but he hasn't neglected the solid mainstream."

"He thought it had to be less high temple and more open. People in the department are more relaxed and don't wear ties. He's identified a young audience for arts programmes of which he sees himself as representative—intelligent, well-educated people but not yuppies."

Another admirer is Dennis Marks, who works under Yentob as editor of music programmes. He says: "He's made the department credible again. Under Somerset-Ward it had lost the respect of the artistic community."

Yentob himself explains: "When I came here the policy wasn't clear. For example, there wasn't much 20th-century music. *Arena* was strong but *Omnibus* [the BBC1 arts series] was going through endless changes. Morale in the place wasn't high."

Yet not everyone agrees about the extent of his achievement. Melvyn Bragg of ITV's *South Bank Show*, head of music and arts at London Weekend Television and also in the running for

the Channel 4 vacancy, says: "Alan's a friend and I admire his work but I don't see that much difference yet in the output. He was a good programme maker with an individual and interesting turn of thought but it's hard to put that through a whole department."

The BBC has a habit of putting gifted programme makers into administrative positions, where as many sink as swim. For one thing they may not be very good at it and for another their programme-making skills are no longer utilized. In Fleet Street it is not assumed that a good editor or columnist will necessarily be a good chief executive.

Michael Grade, soon to take over from Bill Cotton as managing director of BBC television, defends the policy: "You can always get administrators if you need them to back up a creative head of department, but Alan isn't a bad administrator anyway. He always comes in under budget. He's original and enterprising and entrepreneurial and imaginative. You need to be entrepreneurial because there's never enough money to do things the way you really want to do them and you have to negotiate co-production deals. But the day when we have an accountant as head of music and arts will be a sad day indeed."

When Humphrey Burton gave his uncompromising warning to Yentob about his new job in 1985, it was not the first time he had entertained doubts about the young law graduate from Leeds University, son of a Jewish clothing merchant in Manchester. In 1977 Burton was looking for someone to run *Arena*, a weekly arts programme on BBC2, which had never really worked since its launch a year earlier. Yentob, then only 30, was one of four producers responsible for

the programme but Burton was not convinced he could do it all himself. "I saw that he had talent but I didn't think he'd be any good at taking editorial responsibility. But it hadn't been working well and Alan said: 'Let me have a go.'"

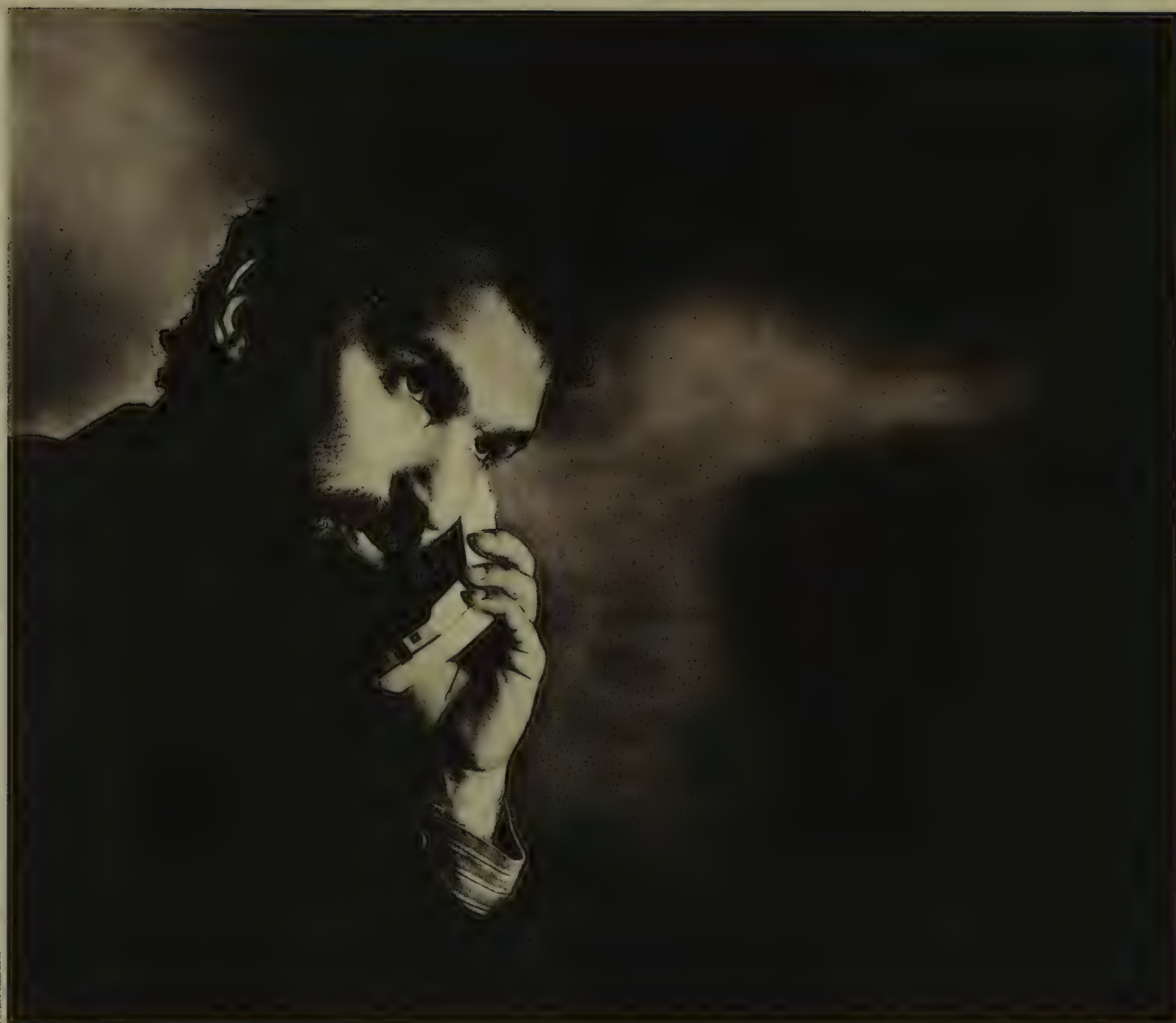
There are a clutch of outstanding programmes from those early *Arena* days whose titles people—including Yentob himself—routinely recite when they discuss his career. First on the list is always *The Private Life of the Ford Cortina*, a celebration of Britain's most popular car. Then comes *My Way*, consisting largely of clips of singers tackling that overworked lyric. There was also an hilarious April Fool programme about failures—a woman who had failed the driving test umpteen times and a man who had written hundreds of songs without getting one published.

"I thought the arts coverage was too narrow," Yentob explains. "There needed to be a place where individual voices could be heard and where filmmaking was allowed. For instance, there had been very little about pop music in the arts schedule. The BBC's conservative outlook was still pretty strong."

According to Burton: "He's one of the few people in the BBC who's a producer *auteur* and not a director *auteur*. His signature appears on it. You can tell Alan's work by the subjects he chooses and the way that he treats them." Bragg puts it more bluntly: "His best programmes were characterized by their style rather than their content."

Yentob's iconoclasm surfaced not just in the programmes he made but in the breathless working methods he employed in making them. There are horror stories of films still in the cutting





room only hours before air time and of special effects that had to be done live because there was no time to incorporate them.

"He doesn't make up his mind," Burton complains. "He leaves his options open until the last minute. He will edit a programme and reshape it at 4am, two days before it's due on the air, which wouldn't be necessary if he organized his time better." Dennis Marks confirms it: "He's one of the great improvisers. Everything is done at the last minute. He once said: 'You know me, I will reach a decision only immediately after an irreversible deadline.' It's the psychological equivalent of snorting coke."

Such habits do not please all his colleagues, especially those who have families to go home to. "He expects everyone to conform to his bachelor pace," says Burton, although in the strict sense he is not a bachelor at all: he has been living for some years with a woman who directs documentaries and who therefore

understands the pressures of programme making. But Yentob believes the last-minute nature of his operating technique has been exaggerated.

"It's part of the folklore," he asserts. "It's true that I enjoy the adrenalin of working to deadlines and I do take on a lot. I'm pretty consumed by it. I think it's changed now I'm running the department but people like to cherish the memories."

One of the rivals for the BBC2 post will be Will Wyatt, whose qualities are the reverse of Yentob's. A sound administrator, he brought stability to the fractious general features department after the turbulent departure of Desmond Wilcox in 1980. Assuming Yentob and Wyatt to be the two front-runners, the selection board, composed of governors and senior management, will have a straight choice between administrative stability and creative flair. The current financial and other pressures on the corporation might make

"I believe that the BBC belongs to the people who pay the licence fee and you don't have to be a bureaucrat to work here... I've always kept my independence here and that's in the best interest of the BBC"

them plump for the former, but Yentob will have his strong supporters.

Both men have spent their entire careers with the BBC. Yentob joined as a general trainee after university, disillusioned with his law studies because "it seemed so much a matter of learning by rote and very little to do with ideas". There is always fierce competition for BBC traineeships, but he explains: "I did what one does at interviews, which is to make the interviewers feel good."

His inexperience of life outside the Beeb's cosy womb could be a professional weakness, especially if he chooses to go after the Channel 4 post. Yet he has always preferred to regard his connexion with the corporate establishment as confrontational rather than complaisant. A colleague has described him as "riding a bumper car round the edge of the BBC system" and Yentob agrees. "I've always been in the best sense an outsider" ➤



in this place," he maintains. "I believe that the BBC belongs to the people who pay the licence fee and you don't have to be a bureaucrat to work here... I've always kept my independence here and that's in the best interest of the BBC."

For that reason, perhaps, he is less alarmed than others in the corporation about the new government-imposed requirement that 25 per cent of its output should be commissioned from independent producers: "I've always tried to bring people in anyway... I think it's got to be a licence to take risks, to refresh interest, to be a little adventurous. If the purpose is to find work for the independent sector and revitalize BBC and ITV to make them stronger, it seems fair enough. If it's simply to undermine public-service broadcasting because it has no place in the market economy and isn't thought to be of any value, then I think it's a dangerous thing."

A current point of contention with senior management is, inevitably, over his department's budget. Now that an accountant, Michael Checkland, is the director-general, and the Government has index-linked the licence fee, all departments have to make do with less money than they think they need. While accepting Grade's compliment about his entrepreneurial skills, Yentob is not sure that he ought to have to exercise them to the extent he does: "The BBC will have to start funding this place more substantially than it has in the past. They talk a lot about current affairs but music and arts needs more support because I don't think there's a never-ending supply of money coming from co-production and the independent world—in fact there's less co-production money than there was. It wouldn't be fair on my successor to expect him to search all over the place for money."

Mention of a successor confirms that he is coming close to joining the lists for Channel 4 and/or BB2, with the BBC job as the more likely target. Says Marks: "Two years ago everybody would have laughed at the idea that he could be Controller 2. Now it's being taken fairly seriously. There are people on the sixth floor who find him most exhilarating company, and they would like to have him around."

Among them is Grade, who will have an important say in the appointment. "He's very good company," he enthuses. "He's terrific." The question, I suppose, is whether he will get his applications in before the deadline.

# Tusa's world view

Tim Shawcross investigates plans for the launch of a world television news service.

The essence of the BBC, for 120 million people, is the World Service. With its muffled chimes of Big Ben and the curiously old-fashioned tones of its news announcers, the World Service news represents the voice of Britain abroad. Its style is reminiscent of a bygone era; its reliability a still voice in a changing world. Now the BBC plans a TV equivalent: World Television News. Using satellite technology, international news will be relayed to America, Europe and the Third World. But unlike radio, the service will not be free.

Launching such an operation is fraught with problems. The project is a joint venture between BBC television and the External Services, which produce and transmit the radio programmes of the World Service and overseas broadcasts, wholly funded by the Foreign Office through a parliamentary grant in aid. The BBC needs either Foreign Office money or an outside investor to launch the service. The project highlights its uneasy role as it struggles in an era of profit margins and privatization while maintaining its historic role of public-service broadcasting.

The External Services have always been an anomaly. Although the radio service can be heard in the United Kingdom, its predominant audience is overseas. It has achieved universal recognition from foreign correspondents, ambassadors, diplomats, British exiles and heads of state for its unbiased and accurate reports. At times of civil war, turbulence and *coups*, the World Service becomes an indispensable source of news for both government forces and rebel armies intent on gaining an accurate picture of current events.

While there have been occasional complaints of British government control arising from the relationship with the Foreign Office, they have usually emanated from countries like Libya and the Soviet Union, whose own standards of accurate reporting inspire little confidence. The unique quality of the World Service is that its output has remained remarkably free from government interference.

Trends in America, and increasingly in Britain, have placed the news in the centre of the

ratings war. If the BBC *Nine O'Clock News* is getting better ratings than ITN's news, it is unlikely to be because it is presenting the news in a more informed manner but simply that it is giving greater prominence to the more "popular" stories. Tabloid stories are becoming the staple diet of prime-time television news. Tabloid newspapers that have virtually abdicated any pretence at serious coverage have turned increasingly to the antics of the television soap operas. What viewers do not realize is that these lightweight episodes consume massive resources which could be better used on major news coverage.

A global television news service would attempt to redress the balance. John Tusa, the managing director of BBC External Services, sees no place for populist news values in the proposed broadcast: "They would be no part of it. They would be as different from the bulletins as the World Service in the subjects covered." Tusa is confident that the service would be different in its news values and consequently immune from any pressure to become as populist as the national television news. But once started, is there not a danger that the World Television News would be subjected to the same pressures to surrender those standards? Tusa is optimistic: "I think the pressure would be not to give them up. Once you've seen a programme like that and it has found its niche, then the demand is *not* to alter it. People want that all-embracing world view. They do not want the domestic violence stories and the sensational human-interest stories. They actually want a faithful, total picture of the world."

If the BBC launches its service and it is shown on BBC2, as it probably would be, it would provide an interesting contrast. George Carey, the assistant head of Documentary Features and former editor of *Newsnight* and *Panorama*, has produced a pilot 30 minute bulletin showing the sheer diversity of interesting foreign stories that can be covered. When he went round the world talking to broadcasters, he found "great enthusiasm to take it".

To finance the operation the BBC would sell its world television bulletins. Current satellite technology is so expensive that the BBC could not contemplate broadcasting it on any other basis. Whereas the radio World Service is broadcast free of charge to anyone with a radio set who can receive the transmissions, its television equivalent could be watched only if the service is bought. The free access to accurate information, which is the hallmark of the World Service, would be more difficult to achieve via television satellites. John Tusa agrees: "The problem is those people who simply cannot afford it, and cannot afford to have a downlink; those are the people who are complaining about excessive domination of American satellites."

A solution might be for the Foreign Office to make grants to countries who want the service but cannot afford it. The Foreign Office is considering the BBC proposal but admits that the venture would be "a totally new departure; complex, expensive and raising a number of matters of principle as well." It points out that since 1979 its commitment to the External Services has risen by 50 per cent to £120 million. The BBC would be seeking about £8 million from the Foreign Office to fund the project.

The Foreign Office is unlikely to be able to get extra funds from the Treasury but so far has not rejected the idea and admits that it could have benefits for the country in the same way as the External Services. Ultimately the Cabinet will decide.

Could the broadcast reach the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc? The success of the radio World Service has been its ability to reach countries where the freedom of information is tightly controlled and censored. The World Service has shown that high-powered radio transmitters are a serious threat to the dictators of the airways; even though radio transmissions can be jammed, it is difficult to maintain this on a constant basis.

Television is different. A global television news service would have to be beamed up to a satellite and then relayed down (the downlink) to a ground station which would transmit the signal





over the domestic network. If the receiving country's own television station did not take it, it is extremely unlikely that any one individual would be able to watch it. Even with *Glasnost*, the Soviet Union is unlikely to allow its citizens the freedom to buy their own satellite dishes for free access to a Western television news service—even if they could afford them.

Present political conditions and current satellite technology mean that to begin with, a world news service would have no Eastern Bloc viewers. However, if the service is not launched potential viewers would be denied even the possibility of tuning in. John Tusa points out that in Poland someone has already applied for a licence to sell satellite dishes, and that the governments of Eastern Europe are certainly alive to the prospects and dangers of satellite broadcasts from the West: "They think it's going to get through, and if they think it's going to get

through it would be a bit odd if we were more defeatist than they were."

According to David Nicholas, the managing director of ITN, Eastern Bloc countries may already be able to receive television broadcasts from Western Europe. ITN is providing 15 European countries with a news service via the Superchannel satellite station and David Nicholas has been surprised to find viewers in the Eastern Bloc. "We are certainly getting letters from inside the Iron Curtain now on our Superchannel—it's an eye-opener for us." Although ITN lacks the worldwide recognition of the BBC, and its foreign correspondent network, it is keen to launch its own World Television News service.

David Nicholas, a staunch admirer of the BBC World Service, feels strongly that the BBC should not be the sole contender: "There is one very common misconception on this—'Because the BBC is doing a

“ People want that all-embracing world view. They do not want the domestic violence stories and the sensational human-interest stories. They actually want a faithful, total picture of the world. ”

radio World Service, it automatically means that it has a prior advantage on the television.' They are not comparable. We are talking about putting up a service in the sky and it being taken down probably by cable users or, in the case of Japan, by their direct-broadcasting satellite. Radio can beam out and a shepherd in the mountains can listen to it on a pocket Sony. You can't pick up a television picture like that." ITN is sanguine about the commercial possibilities and does not believe much money would be made from it. Nicholas is understandably worried that the BBC might be given what he sees as an unfair advantage through Foreign Office finance: "I think it would be a scandal if one side were given an £8 million subsidy. If there is money around, it shouldn't automatically be given to the BBC and should at least be open to tender."

For the BBC the proposed World Television News service highlights a number of dilemmas. If the Foreign Office does not put any money into it, the BBC will seek outside investors. The BBC is then exposed to the argument that if it can provide a commercial service with its World Television News, why not allow other parts of its empire to be run on similar lines? For example, take commercials on Radio 1 and Radio 2 to pay for Radio 3 and Radio 4. The Government's recent green paper on radio opens the way for deregulation of the airwaves. That will mean more local commercial radio stations and almost certainly a national commercial radio service. With the BBC increasingly short of funds, the consequences could be drastic. Brian Wenham, the departing managing director of BBC radio, was not exaggerating when he said in a recent interview: "In the early 1990s, if the BBC is still funded by a system which we believe is inadequate, if only marginally inadequate, then some of BBC radio may have to go to the wall."

Whether it is run by the BBC or ITN, a World Television News service will eventually appear on our screens. The BBC is already training journalists to staff it. If it is a success and can be run as a going concern, then some politicians may argue that the same commercial criteria could be applied to other parts of the BBC. It would be a short-sighted policy, for it is precisely the qualities of the BBC as a public-service broadcaster, exemplified by the World Service, that would enable World Television News to become self-sufficient ○



# Travellers' Tales

This month, a baby will be born beneath London's Westway. Naomi Smith looks at the world in which it will grow up.

Photographs by Mark Cator.



If they had set the dogs on me it would have been more in keeping with the expectations of the *gadze* outside, more in keeping with the stereotype of the gipsy within. Instead of dogs, they protected themselves in ways they have learned from centuries of persecution from the *gadze*, the outsiders with tea, tactility and a few, meaningless, lies.

"I go to prison all the time," Bleach-blond and pregnant, she's never been to jail. "I've got no children." This one's dark and plump and Irish and her two children are in the caravan behind.

"We don't collect the china now. Gipsies can't afford it." China collections, pride of gipsies down the years, deck the caravans wall to wall.

"The men won't speak to outsiders, it's a rule." One offers to sell me his Ford Capri for £4,000. No? The van for two?

At last, a stereotype: the gipsy as vendor, trader, hawked. And another here beneath the flyover of London's Westway the gipsies park chrome-trim caravans on concrete and live beneath a fog of fumes, dirt, noise and outsiders' incomprehension.

Squalid? That's right. Rubbish blows across a no-man's land outside; graffiti flows across the walls of a gipsy land within.

There are more than 100 of them, and more than half are children. They've come from Ireland, Scotland and the north of England. Some sneer at them as Irish tinkers. They call themselves gipsies and trace their ancestry back wherever they like: Egypt, Spain, Italy, India.

But now they are the London gipsies and they have been beneath the Westway for 13 years. Where once the townsfolk watched as the gipsies moved along the highway, now the gipsies watch the motorists.

Bridget knows all about life under the Westway; she was the first to be born under the road and the goods trains for Paddington have rocked her awake in many a cold dawn. She's a pretty little thing, pale and Irish, hiding behind brown hair. Her name is in graffiti on the lavatory block door, by the garden strip where her mother planted a wild rose, and put a garden gnome.

It was Bridget's mother, Winnie Ward, who fought for the site to be opened, with its electric cables and its running



water and its red-brick toilet blocks, all for £19.50 a week all in. She had wanted to live in peace: no more police at the caravan door, moving them on under the 1968 Caravan Sites Act. To get this security Winnie

Ward's family of 10 gave up travelling, since the Act that says local authorities must provide "adequate accommodation" for gipsies exchanges this obligation for the right to prohibit camping elsewhere. There are more than 80,000 gipsies in Britain, and not

enough sites. Westway is the only one in West London. "So we don't travel," says Winnie Ward. "We're stuck: we've nowhere to go and if we left here someone else would move in."

The gipsy who gives up travelling loses part of his identity. His legends are all concerned with flight. One tells how gipsies forged the nails to crucify Christ; three were used but the fourth, a red-hot piece of iron, has followed them ever since. Another tells how, during an attack on an



enemy, the gipsies had to cross a sea; the waters parted, then engulfed them, and the few who survived were condemned to wander ever after.

Gipsies have also been condemned to rejection, ever since they discovered western Europe in the 14th century. In the Netherlands in the 1400s, they were branded "pagans" and expelled. In Poland in the 1700s, Joseph I ordered that all gipsies men be hanged without trial and women and boys mutilated. In Germany in the Second World War, more than 20,000 gipsies were exterminated in Auschwitz; up to 300,000 were killed during the entire war.

Today there are fewer than 15 million gipsies in the world. Life, they say, has changed. Expulsion and killings have been replaced by assimilation into fixed points in society. The Westway gipsies are part of the Hammersmith & Fulham Council community. They go to the local Catholic church. Their children go to the local school. "But in ourselves, you know, we haven't changed."

The Yorkshire accent is thick; the woman too wary to give her name. "I'm pure gipsy. My granny's got plaits. She lives in a house now

but every Sunday she puts a fire in the garden and bakes.

"I was born in a wagon, on the road. Horses pulled it and we cooked outside. The old days was hard but we had green fields; look at it here: pure filth; there's lead in the air and it's bad for the children. Why don't I move? Where to go?"

Her caravan is clean, but the gipsy trappings? "Next door. I'll show you, but you mustn't tell anyone..." Like the rest of the Westway gipsies, she has signs of wealth with few signs of income. There is dole money peeping from the pocket of a pregnant woman who will give birth this month; and what looks like a mechanic's yard between two vans. A truck with "Rubbish cleared" painted on the sides leaves and returns empty, at intervals, young men in the cab. So how do they earn enough for the new television sets and the smart kitchen units and the caravans costing thousands? Where do they go all day, to return at four of an afternoon like commuters from the early train? It doesn't pay to ask. "None of your business," snaps one woman. The

woman from Yorkshire looks hurt and won't reply.

"I want my children brought up proper gipsies," is all she'll say. "We've got rules, more rules than they've got up there." She waves a hand at the council flats above. "We don't wash our faces and pots in the same bowl; we don't wash tea-towels with clothes; we don't wash clothes from the top halves of our bodies with clothes from the bottom. That's pure filth."

"We eat four meals a day: tattie, cabbage and stuff. Every two weeks I scrub both caravans top to bottom. Every day, put raw bleach on the concrete and a bottle of washing-up liquid. If you let dirt, muck and shit (God forgive birth this month; and what looks like a mechanic's yard between two vans. A truck with "Rubbish cleared" painted on the sides leaves and returns empty, at intervals, young men in the cab. So how do they earn enough for the new television sets and the smart kitchen units and the caravans costing thousands? Where do they go all day, to return at four of an afternoon like commuters from the early train? It doesn't pay to ask. "None of your business," snaps one woman. The

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Maggie Jones is 60 and knows exactly what she wants us to hear. She has four children, 27 grandchildren and five great grandchildren and she has lived under the Westway for seven years. Maggie Jones is leader of her family and of her community and to prove it she denies it, since

Far left: Beneath the flyover of London's Westway, gipsies live "under a fog of fumes, dirt, noise and outsiders' incomprehension... Where once townsfolk watched as gipsies moved along the highway, now the gipsies watch the motorists."

Left: Life has changed for the gipsies of England. The old wooden caravan has become a classy, chrome-trimmed affair. Women are housewives; the children go to school. "The men? We never talk about them..."

Below left: Underneath the arches, a few gipsy ponies are the only signs of the horsetrading of old.

in gipsy lore it is a social gaffe to do otherwise. The rest of the gipsies talk little without her blessing. "See Maggie," they will say, by rote. Maggie is sweeping up dust and litter from her patch of cement, watched by a baby drinking Tizer from a bottle.

Winnie Ward drinks tea from white china and polishes the family van at the same time. "The gnome's cap has got knocked off," she says. Immediately, someone moves to repair it.

"In Regent Street," says a woman in tight black trousers, "there's 65 per cent off Persian carpets."

"That's Minton," says Winnie, about her china. "£10 a cup. The children keep dropping it on the concrete."

Maggie has finished sweeping. She sits in her caravan against a background of pink glass, porcelain and engraved mirrors, and talks of freedom. "Young woman, this is my straightforward word," she says whenever she might be doubted. "We may be penniless, but we're gipsies and we want a gipsy life, peace to live our own way. We need more of an open space, without the motorways and the railways. Mother of God! Every new gipsy site since 1968 has been a place no one wants to roam by canals, by the gasworks."

"You talk of happiness. Yes, we're happy through each other. Through our children... The men? We never talk about them. Tradition..."

She has said enough. She will go back to her cleaning. Let the prying questions of the curious go unanswered. The evening is drawing in; the children stop playing and eat. Farther along the line of caravans, the dark woman from Yorkshire is waiting. "Did you pay Maggie to take the answers?" she asks. "If there are any presents going, don't forget me, will you?"



# Turkey in top gear

Joanna Willcox's motoring jaunt reveals a land of delight.

"Do you like football, sir?" the waiter, Suleyman, asked "Sultan" Mike, who with his three "wives" was lunching on a terrace in Pamukkale. It had dawned on Suleyman that if Mike really was our husband, it would pay to have a manly chat with him so that Suleyman could take me swimming in the hotel pool. In Turkey, where monogamy is a relatively recent phenomenon, it was quite possible for three single English girls and an Englishman to be taken as man and wives.

I decided to swim with Suleyman, and the only area in which the "sultan" exerted any male supremacy was in the driving seat of the hired car in which we covered 800 miles of south-west Turkey in a week.

Driving in Turkey is a tough test for foreigners. There are hairpin bends on the edges of precipices, hellbent lorry drivers with precariously bulging cargoes, and tractors crawling along the road almost as slowly as the tortoises we saw crossing.

The speed with which a young motorcyclist emerged from a side-street in the centre of Muğla's bustling marketplace was undoubted; the wisdom, less so. He ran into us, to the absorbing interest of a crowd of men who clattered immediately to get to him as he landed, uninjured, in the road. Sky girls in bright headscarves and pantaloons peeped at us from behind doors. It was an international incident, undoubtedly, but it was hardly a situation in which names and addresses would be exchanged—which is fortunate since our victim did not speak English, nor we Turkish.

Despite the hazards of importing waters and wayward motorcyclists, Turkey is splendid and is the best means of exploring its beauties in a limited amount of time.

Our southernmost coastal destination from our starting point of Kuşadası was Kaş for which we bypassed Bodrum and Marmaris, hot spots for package tours and the yachting fraternity. The lushness and variety of this coastal route are amazing. The land encompasses wide, fertile plains of rich red soil; snow-capped mountains beyond Fethiye dwarfing green valleys dotted with poplars; silvery-leaved olive

groves and fig and citrus orchards; and, higher up, pine forests in many shades of green splashed by patches of flowering yellow broom.

Through all this, Sultan Mike learnt to drive like a local, screeching to a halt when yet another hairpin bend might reveal a spectacular descent to the coast, the sea just visible across a shimmering plain. We made for Fethiye, a coastal town distinguished by the imposing Lycian rock tombs cut into the mountain behind it, not so obviously picturesque as Bodrum or Marmaris, but less tourist-filled. In the harbour by day, we guzzled pistachio nuts from an itinerant vendor and watched the little fishing boats, each with its Turkish flag flying. At night, young blades used to sit around neon-lit restaurants and pastry shops drinking *chai*, playing backgammon and watching violent feature films.

Fethiye is also the haunt of upmarket Home Counties holiday groups, a place where glamorous foreign yachts testify to the rumour that Turkey has become a favourite holiday destination for the discerning.

A yacht is an enviable possession on this coast since it is often the only way to get to the best beaches. You can drive from Fethiye to Ölü Deniz, however, a turquoise near-lagoon fringed by pine forests. On a scythe of white sand splicing land from sea, we fired it the sun, hopelessly attempting to quench it with lukewarm Coca-Cola, but successfully quenching our body heat in the cool sea, ogled by hordes of Turkish men, not a Turkish woman in sight on this eve of a national holiday celebrating the death of Ramadan.

We drove to the coast, the Bay of Bekeçiz, flanked by awe-inspiring mountains. But surely the most wonderful beach must be at Patara, which lies at the end of a 5 mile dirt track off the road to Kaş, as immense, sandy and deserted as any along the west coast of Ireland, my yardstick for beauty.

In Roman times Patara was principal port for all Lycia, and here you can see more vividly than at Ephesus, Priene, or any other ancient ruins along the coast, how the silting up of the

land must have caused the cities' decline. Here, an amphitheatre nestling into the hillside is engulfed with sand, and if you brave prickly shrubs and pungent herb bushes to clamber higher to the ancient lighthouse, you will be rewarded with a magnificent view of beach, dunes and silted marshland. In other countries, this place would have been overrun by ticket booths, ice-cream sellers and a car park. Patara has one simple *lokanta* where you can choose your own delectable *mezes* (Turkish hors d'oeuvres) and shish kebab. The food everywhere was cheap, and even in the smallest places lived up to its high reputation.

The last stretch of the road to Kaş hugs a fjord-like coast. We arrived at dusk at a pretty resort buzzing with celebrations for the national holiday. The restaurants were packed and we fanned out, unsuccessfully, to search for rooms. But then a man, perhaps taking pity on my bedraggled figure retreating down the steps of his new cliff-top hotel, called me back and offered free accommodation. This was fine except the only hotel rooms he had available—on the top storey—were not yet completed: a true breeze-blower without windows or plumbing. "Everywhere is like tonight," he said. "Don't end up sleeping on the beach." His thoughtfulness was typical: we eventually found beds in the living room of a welcoming family, with a teenage daughter and a son, with their parents, the ubiquitous *baklava*. However, the plights at a communal bathroom just outside our window, a dive-bombing mosquito and the dawn wall of the *muezzin* did not make for a restful night's sleep.

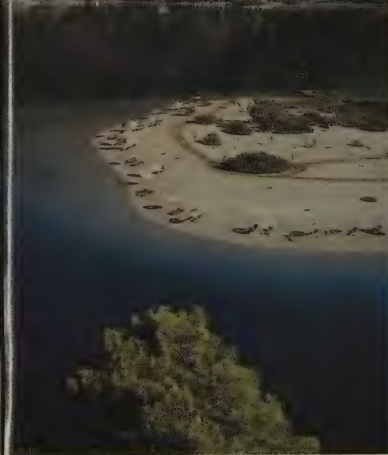
We were taken to Pamukkale, home of Suleyman, via the ugly conurbations of Denizli. Even in driving rain, the approach to Pamukkale is unforgettable. Petrified, gleaming white "waterfalls"—the effect of limestone deposits on the rock of hot mineral springs—rise up as if from nowhere, like something out of a Disney film. Pamukkale—Turkish for cotton castle—is a great national tourist attraction, which meant that our search for rooms was once more a problem. Problem, that is, until



The entrance to the lagoon of Ölü Deniz—the name is Turkish for dead sea—near Fethiye. A beauty spot of Turkey's Aegean coast, it retains its tranquillity despite visitations from land and sea.

we found a hotel, the foot of the spectacular white "waterfalls." It provided a room fit for a sultan and his harem (or for Sultan Mike and his party), having four beds, one of which was decorously curtained off in an alcove, and a bathroom: all for £88.

The name Pamukkale has superseded that of Hierapolis, the ancient Greco-Roman city finally abandoned after an earthquake in the 14th century. Of particular interest on the site of ancient Hierapolis, apart from the fine Roman amphitheatre, is the eerie Devil's Hole or Plutonium Grotto, the source of all the thermal springs. It was described in ancient times as the entrance to hell because it exuded deadly fumes; our Turkish guidebook conjured up a bizarre image of experiments that went on: "The animals such as birds, cats and dogs that were suspended into



the cave at the end of a rope died." According to one Greek historian, the fumes killed all living creatures except cucumbers, which were particularly good at holding their breath.

The ultimate sensuous experience for me was wallowing in the fizzy thermal pools at the centre of the Pamukkale Motel, near the ruins of Hierapolis. The pools, dripping with pink oleander blossom, cover the ancient Sacred Pool and Roman high street; and with the help of goggles, and spotlights at night, the scattered columns and pavements are magnified into a strange subterranean kingdom. We were quite entranced. Not so Mehmet, a shaven-headed, gaunt-faced draft-dodger with Alec Guinness hooded eyes. "My people have no respect for antiquity," he growled. "It's a scandal to build a modern hotel on an archaeological site."

Whatever Mehmet may feel, Turkish disregard for the remains of a rich past has its compensations. And the longer the tourist potential of those other more out-of-the-way places remains unexploited, the better. ○

## Our Travel Editor writes:

The writer's group of four travelled to Turkey on the MY *Orient-Express* from Venice to Kuşadası via the Cornish Canal, Piraeus (for Athens) and Istanbul, rejoining the vessel a week later to return via Patmos and Katakolon (for Olympia). This 12,500 ton, car-ferry cruise-line sails from Venice every Saturday at 1800 hours, returning a week later at 0800 hours. Passenger fares for the round voyage from £315 to £858 per person. Service operates until October 31.

The group hired a Renault 14 on arrival at Kuşadası. It cost approximately £160 for the week including insurance; petrol was extra. The local company was Taya Sun Rent a Car. Avis and Budget both have offices here; Hertz and Europcar local agencies. In the peak season advance booking is essential.

Alternative travel would be to fly from London to Izmir or Antalya. Turkish Airlines operate direct flights or via Istanbul. Main car-rental companies are offices at these airports. Current economy-class fares £322 and £340 respectively.

On this tour hotel accommodation worked out at about £10 per person per night, meals a maximum of £5 a head. **Addresses:** Turkish Tourist Office, 170 Piccadilly, London W1D 9YD (734 8681). MY *Orient-Express*, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF (928 6000).

# The spirit of Poland

Simon Freeman reports on an indomitable nation.

No one should go to Poland expecting an easy, trouble-free rest. The bureaucracy is stifling. The hotels are stark and noisy. Sometimes there is hot water; occasionally there is no water at all. Poles are used to this and are baffled when foreigners demand action. Accountability, one quickly realizes, has no place in communist society. The international hotel restaurants have tempting menus but many of the most desirable dishes are not, and never will be—available. Most Poles cannot afford hotel prices anyway; they eat and socialize at home. The telephone system is useful if you want to make a local call; it is a test of patience and good humour if you want to call outside Poland.

The scarcity of most basic necessities is part of everyday life in Poland. Petrol, chocolate and meat are rationed. The shops seem well stocked until you look closely at what they are selling bread, which is always stale, anemic vegetables, sour cream, goopy processed cheese, scrappy pieces of meat and tubs of huge pickled gherkins.

Many products can no longer be bought with the local currency, the zloty. Imported "luxuries" like British instant coffee, Finnish tinted baby milk, German sausage or French detergent, are obtainable only at the state-run Pewex chain—a cross between a supermarket and a duty-free shop. As Pewex accept only Western hard currency, Polish tourists are turned into a class of black marketers, forever approaching foreign visitors to exchange zlotys for pounds, dollars or Deutschmarks. Although illegal, the black market is tolerated because the country would collapse if the government tried to abolish the trade. It is also beneficial to tourists because it offers them at least twice the official exchange rate.

It is fashionable these days to care about Poland. Until the late 1970s it was an anonymous country somewhere near the Soviet Union. Then came Lech Walesa, leader of the now outlawed labour union Solidarity, the only electrician to win the Nobel Peace Prize; and the telegraphic Karol Wojtyła—Pope John Paul II—who returns to his homeland every four years to uplift his

countrymen and to chastise the government. It, in turn, regards him as a disruptive nuisance; and whenever a group of Solidarity supporters gathers to shout a few slogans, the government still sends out the Zomo riot police and water cannon.

But without these two influences the Polish tourist industry would not have grown so rapidly in the last seven years. Forty thousand visitors from Britain now go to Poland each year; in 1980 barely 10,000 travelled there. Officials from Polorbis, the state travel agency, hope that by 1990 a total of one million people will have visited the country. The majority are expatriates, visiting relatives or friends.

In spite of endemic shortages and hardships, cheerfulness prevails in Poland. Like their two famous figureheads, the people are both unfashionably religious and nationalistic and yet, notwithstanding the risks, are openly and laudably contemptuous of authority.

You are also aware of a sense of history. Most of Warsaw was razed by the Germans in the Second World War and although it is an ugly city of grey, flat buildings, the fact that it exists at all is testimony to Polish guts. Even more remarkable is Warsaw's Old City, rebuilt from drawings and paintings and probably the best imitation-medieval collection of buildings in the world.

You will possibly have more fun with Poland than in other more conventional holiday spots. You will not learn so much about European history, the workings of communism and the indestructibility of the human spirit. ○

## Our Travel Editor writes:

LOT (Polish Airlines) and British Airways both fly daily from London Heathrow to Warsaw. Current fares, £228 or £316 (economy), £480 (Club, BA only). By train it takes approximately 29 hours from London via Hook of Holland or Ostend to Warsaw. Polorbis run 50 per cent of the package tours available. Sample "eight-day" "Highlights of Poland", half-board, including flights, £284/£298 per person, 450 sterling supplement. All visitors to Poland must have a visa.

**Addresses:** Polorbis Travel, 82 Mortimer Street, W1N 7DE (657 4971). Polish Consulate in General, 71 New Cavendish Street, W1N 7BD (636 453).



# Striking green and gold in Knightsbridge

James Hughes-Onslow on the irresistible attractions of living near Harrods.

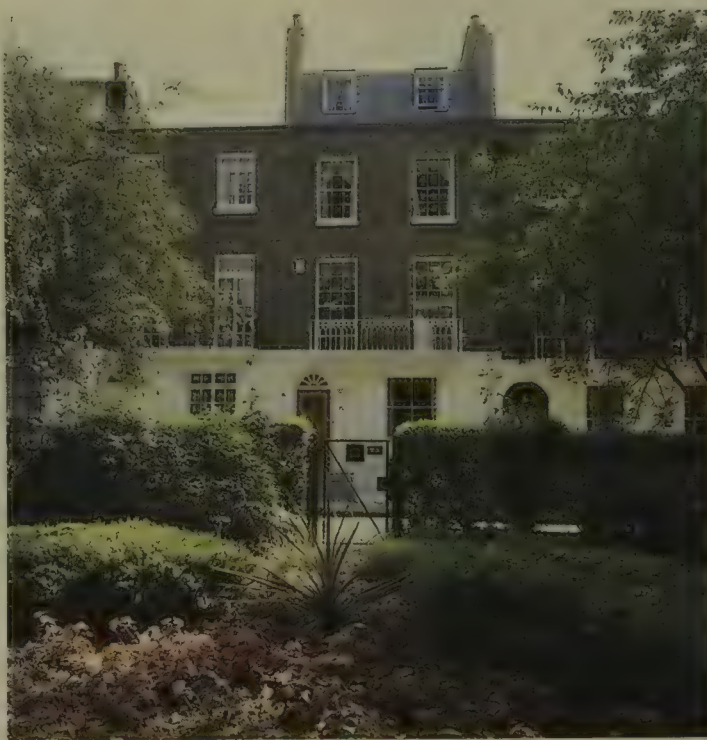
We all have our own peculiar reasons for living where we do and I imagine that calculations of snobbery and shopping are pretty low on most people's list. No doubt it is a good thing to have a few respectable neighbours and a good corner shop but who cares about supermarkets as long as there is one within a 20 minute drive? Easy travel to and from work, and to and from a decent school, are probably the major considerations for most families, combined with a pleasant and secure environment, and the somewhat tedious matter of being able to afford the property.

A south-facing garden was the major selling point when we moved two years ago to a house in Camberwell. Leafy Myatt's Fields park for exercising the dog and Loughborough Junction station (just eight minutes from Blackfriars) came second and third. It came as a shock when Lambeth Council banned dogs from the park and when I found that it was quicker to bicycle to Blackfriars than to walk to the station and catch the train.

The sales pitch that makes no sense at all to me is the one said by London estate agents to have the most magical pull of all—"just two minutes' walk from Harrods". These words can apparently add tens of thousands of pounds to the cost of a single-bedroom flat and can accelerate a sale dramatically.

In the last two or three years of living in London I have not experienced the need or the desire to visit Harrods at all, except when asked there to lunch during a Spanish week sponsored by the Ritz in Madrid. Who are these people who will pay so much for the privilege of buying their groceries or their underwear from a store that is used by the Queen and her family? Has no one told them that there is a perfectly good delivery service, even to less fashionable parts of London? One hates to think what would happen to Mrs Thatcher's famous election shopping basket if Knightsbridge real-estate values had to be taken into account.

Harrods themselves have an associated estate agent and it has just had to move from the back of the store in Knightsbridge to



**Trevor Square, quiet, exclusive and leafy, and only a stone's throw from the hubbub of Brompton Road.**

new offices in Park Lane, a good 15 minutes' walk if you are carrying the groceries. Robert Avery, one of their senior negotiators (he lives in unfashionable West Hampstead himself), puts a brave face on it, saying that the old offices were rather poky while the new ones have a splendid view of Hyde Park. Not that Park Lane is marvellous as an office location either, it has some of the noisiest and dirtiest traffic in London and it is a long walk through dingy pedestrian subways to reach the park. Nonetheless, estate agents do have a way of taking a positive view.

When it comes to the magic of the Harrods name, however, Robert Avery becomes almost euphoric. As soon as buyers see the green and gold placard they are immediately reassured that they will not be ripped off, he says, and sellers will quite often agree to have a Harrods placard outside their house when they would not have any other. The Harrods name slips off the tongue like Rolls-Royce and gives buyers a sense of well being, one-upmanship and security, according to Mr Avery; and it adds to the rentable value of the property because Harrods is a tourist attraction in itself. Quite apart

from all this, Knightsbridge is a pleasant, villagely area in which to live in its own right, the patter goes, with Montpelier Square and Trevor Square among the prettiest in London.

A five-bedroom house in a Knightsbridge square—Montpelier, Trevor, Thurloe or Brompton—will cost £600,000-£850,000, while a smaller cottage three-bedroom house in the area will cost £375,000-£475,000. Three-bedroom flats in Lennox Gardens cannot be described as cottages. Mr Avery says that their "common parts are not brilliant", meaning that you may have a stark, inhospitable staircase rather than a lift to negotiate on your way to a £280,000, 29-year-lease, top-floor *pied-à-terre*. But this is the price of the gold and green carrier bag. "Harrods gives the area a sense of something that is good that you can trust," says Avery. "It's not just the convenience factor. Other department stores do not have the same clout."

Another leading Knightsbridge estate agent who prefers not to be named says that although Harrods has an undeniable pull, it has nothing to do with its celebrated claim to be able to provide anything that the customer requires.

Prospective housebuyers seldom inquire about the shopping facilities in Knightsbridge, which are really not very good from a domestic point of view, with few good supermarkets. Knightsbridge is really rather unpleasant and cramped compared to other residential parts of London, with poor parking facilities and constant traffic problems, the agent told me strictly confidentially, and not conveniently placed either for working in the City or for many of the more pleasurable facilities of London.

The great appeal of Harrods is that it is one of the few London institutions to promote itself abroad, particularly in America, with the result that most Americans assume it must be very central—more so than, say, Covent Garden, Victoria Station or the British Museum, each of which would be more convenient or more interesting to the visitor if only he knew where it was. If the average foreigner moving to London acquired his property six months after arriving, instead of making the big decision in the first two or three weeks, this estate agent tells me, he would not want to live in Knightsbridge. He would go for Blackheath, Richmond or Hampstead where he would have more space.

The pull of Harrods also works wonders for newcomers writing home to reassure their relatives of their whereabouts. This factor causes some people to remain in Knightsbridge longer than really makes sense, according to my anti-Knightsbridge agent.

It takes a major effort to persuade Americans to follow the yuppies and Sloane Rangers to darkest Fulham and across the river to Battersea. On the whole there is a two-year gap between what is fashionable and what is thought acceptable to overseas buyers, who tend to set the prices at the upper end of the property market. The Japanese are the most likely to experiment, usually choosing smaller houses with large gardens in outer suburbs wherever possible. In this respect Japanese buyers are much more discriminating than American ones, and are not easily persuaded that Harrods is the centre of European civilization.



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# Fair shares all round

New schemes are giving individuals a chance to invest in commercial property.

From the end of this year it will be possible for private individuals to own shares in central London office buildings, blocks of flats, shopping centres and other large bricks-and-mortar investments. Until now, ordinary investors have been able to own commercial property by buying shares in property companies, or more indirectly through involvement with large institutions such as insurance companies and building societies.

For two years the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors has been looking into ways of changing this system to enable us to buy shares in a building in the same way that we can in a public company, receiving a percentage of the rent on a quarterly basis and having the opportunity to redeem the investment at any time by selling the shares through a recognized central market.

Theoretically the new market started on May 25 when the

Stock Exchange quotations department became available to anyone wanting to issue a single building or part of one. In practice the action really begins in the autumn when a group operating under the umbrella of Richard Ellis the builders announces its plans for three £25-£35 million developments in central London.

The Richard Ellis proposal is a Property Income Certificate, known as a Pinc, and this will be followed by two other snappy acronyms from the Berkshire Committee called Sapco (Single Asset Property Company) and Spot (Single Property Ownership Trust). The Pincs have an early advantage over Sapcos and Spots in that they do not require a change in the law, all legislation having been delayed slightly by the general election.

The Pinc Scheme enables its participants to take a share of the rent and the management of the company without any direct ownership of the building. The

Sapco system is to set up a company whose sole asset is the building while Spot is a similar arrangement in which the owner of a unit in the trust is a part-owner of the building, entitled to a share in the rent and the capital growth.

Although all three are intended for private investors, the organizers realize that a major factor in their success or failure will be how institutions which have not always been enthusiastic property investors decide to play the new market. "It is important that initial properties should be of suitable quality and that they should provide a spread of types of investment," says the Pinc brochure.

All observers agree that the new market will have its problems but the three different systems should resolve most of them. Some fear that the distinction between the property market and the equity market will become blurred, but this may

be offset by the fact that ordinary investors will know for the first time exactly which buildings they have a part share in, thus adding to their personal involvement in them. The mere existence of a central market, providing updated information on the properties available including their fluctuating values, current state of repair and local development opportunities, should spur on new investors.

The new system would stimulate regional investment, encourage small investors while supplementing the involvement of major institutions, and would be socially and economically advantageous to all classes of investors. The most important factor, perhaps, in persuading the Government to push through the required legislation is that, in the words of the RICS report, "the proposal clearly fulfils the general political objective to spread the ownership of property." ○

JAMES HUGHES-ONSLOW

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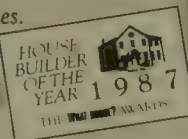
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## An aerial photograph of Rome, Italy, showing the dense urban landscape of the city. In the foreground, the large, modern, circular structure of the Stadio Olimpico is visible, surrounded by trees and greenery. The city extends up a hillside, with numerous buildings and the prominent dome of St. Peter's Basilica visible in the background.

Signature.....

To our surprise, the waiter returned with protestations from the chef that he *had* served wild rice. We begged to differ, and to drop the matter, but now the waiter wanted to pursue it. He returned moments later from the kitchen bearing a plastic packet clearly marked brown rice. Not wild rice, brown rice. I have sent the restaurant manager a copy of an encyclopaedia entry for wild rice at his request ○



# The plum of eating places

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

I remembered the Mirabelle as a pleasant spot with rather up-and-down food and a following that included gourmet-type advertising people. Much more often than not, in my experience, restaurants turn out to stay on course in these ways, mysteriously absorbing changes of chef, ownership, even address.

The pleasantness of the spot in this case has if anything increased. The bar has that slight shipboard feel I always like, though—one small niggle—I have never really taken to the idea of a ceiling mirror. There are vaguely Gay 90s pictures, in a manner less stark than Toulouse-Lautrec's. The dining-room must be one of the two or three most attractive in London, its big bow window, cleverly placed skylights and garden outlook giving the impression of a spacious conservatory. The barley-sugar columns and rounded arches have a Moorish look intensified in the evening.

To return to the bar: the nibbles there on one visit were marred by stale potato crisps. Avoiding that, in fact providing obviously home-made crisps, is one of those small but significant ways of pleasing or impressing the customer at small cost. An even cheaper way is to serve him large drinks; he knows that what he gets he pays for, but it looks lavish. My Dry Martini at the Mirabelle observed this principle and was also very well mixed and, a great rarity, really cold. A White Lady of similar size was pronounced satisfactory, perhaps a little bland, and not as good as my own version, said my discerning guest.

The quantity of champagne by the glass was by contrast a bit on the mean side. At my instructions it had had a shot of Southern Comfort poured into it, cheering it up no end. The peachiness of the liqueur gives the ensemble something of the flavour of a Bellini without the accompanying dilution—quite the contrary, with a British-proof strength of 87.7°, masked by the champagne. This is one of the most blandly ferocious drinks in the register, well known to the cognoscenti as a sales-resistance crusher.

The Mirabelle is a French restaurant, named presumably after the small golden plum of the country, and its wine-list is overwhelmingly French, with a huge range of clarets from £17.50 to Mouton-Rothschilds of great antiquity, long before it was classified a first-growth—the oldest is a 1905—priced accordingly. The German page comprises some of those Trocken and Halb-Trocken (dry, half-dry) wines developed by the growers specially to go with food, though I have never seen one that went as well as a French wine even with German food. The Château Pavie and the Vosne-Romanée we severally drank had been carefully stored and were impeccably served.

My visit for lunch fell by chance on the morrow of the Conservative victory in the election, and by comparable odds the sun was shining, making the whole place look sensational. Nonetheless, I cannot believe there was any illusion about the magnificence of



the meal. Only the smoked salmon, by being a little dry, let the side down. My quail's eggs and haddock in a creamy sauce had me rolling to and fro in my seat with appreciation. My sirloin steak, breaching what I had come to think was an invariable rule, was both tasty and tender. The rack of lamb my guest had was her best yet, she said, backed up as it was by splendid spinach and little broad beans cooked through, not fashionably left chewy, and peeled. I relished some strange objects that were potato on the outside but mostly vapour within. A most unusual fruit compôte of raspberries and black cherries, like high-brow jam with half the sugar and no pectin, was the star of the finishers.

After that we had excellent powerful coffee with *petits fours*, another cost-effective upgrader on the home-made-crisps pattern. I responded warmly to the offer of a second Calvados to sample against the one I had chosen. And I nodded weightily when I noticed a bottle of The Macallan 25-years-old, the king of malts, on the liqueur trolley. Find me an affordable cognac that can match it.

Celebrate the victories, not the defeats. By an abstruse but sadly common process, the evening occasion was a shadow of the lunchtime one. We started respectively with quail's eggs (hard-boiled, okay) and pigeon breasts that were no better than all right, and a salmon-something that was just like tinned salmon in aspic, and very good, I feel sure, if

that is what you like. Then, for guest, a duck-something that was simply tough. The French, at least the London French, just do not know how to cook duck. In fact the only place I have visited in the last couple of years that does know how is Simpson's-in-the-Strand; they *cook* it there. Anyway, that night at the Mirabelle I had a blanched chicken-something stuffed with crabmeat of which the less said the better.

The vegetables were still first-rate. After the débâcle I made the acquaintance of a fine strong cheese called (could it be?) Chamber-tin. The tomato-and-chopped-onion salad they ran up for me was acceptable: the tomatoes had their skins taken off, which ought to be a matter of course but is not. And yet, though ripe enough, they were pale and dull pieces of fruit. I think even in London, even now, I could find something a little redder and livelier.

The disagreeable parts of the meal were retrieved as far as they could be by the staff. And by the nature of things this is really quite far. Amiable, competent, considerate service, such as we had, covers many shortcomings. Before very long I shall be giving the Mirabelle another chance—at lunch-time, needless to say. But I will try to avoid special occasions like the winding-up of the Labour Party.

Mirabelle, 56 Curzon Street, W1 (499 4636). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, 7pm-midnight; Sat 7pm-midnight. About £65 for two.



# England reaps its rewards

BY DAVID HEWSON

English wine has been bedevilled by political and retail neglect, professional snobbery and even the odd smattering of charlatanism on the part of some of its supporters. Wine professionals, whose training and background teach them to judge bottles against the standards of the classic French varieties, frequently find themselves rudderless when faced with an English vintage which is the product of an experimental grape combination or method of viticulture striving for its own character. For this reason, English wine rarely gets a fair crack of the whip from the wine trade, including a number of drinks writers.

In part this disdain stems from the nasty odour surrounding that rogue creature *British* wine. This is a distinctly second-rate concoction produced from imported foreign grape juice and fermented in this country to produce the kind of cheap, blended drink which goes some way to explaining the existence of wine lakes. Comparing it to English wine, which is almost always from a single estate, is like trying to judge a blended supermarket German Liebfraumilch against an own-label Alsace.

Our own vintages are distinctly elusive. You will rarely see them served in wine bars or public houses, on the wine list of more than a handful of discerning restaurants (usually in the south-east), or gracing the shelves of a supermarket or off-licence. To find them you must track down a supplier or, preferably, travel to the vineyard itself to taste a number of vintages before buying in bulk.

There is also bad English wine, just as there is bad French and German—though one tends to be unduly critical of a domestic product. I suggest one illuminating experiment. Buy, on good advice, a £4-£5 bottle of English wine and taste it blind with a few friends against foreign bottles of similar price. I guarantee you will be surprised by the results. And when your astonishment that we can produce such a fashionably light and flowery wine has subsided, ask yourself, what, then, is to be done about it all?

For something surely must be done. Viticulture is one of the few sectors of British agriculture

which receives virtually no government support, except for a few small grants for wirework and fencing, which require such daunting paperwork that they deter most of those who consider applying for them. Each year it contributes around £2 million to the Exchequer in excise duty—68p a bottle—and VAT on sales alone.

Small wonder that winemakers feel aggrieved, squeezed between an uncaring Government and an EEC in which the interests of the large European producers seem paramount. David Carr Taylor, one of the early generation of post-war winemakers, who has 21 acres near Hastings,

we would still be producing only 20 per cent of our domestic consumption of white wine."

The possible rewards of English grape-growing are starting to attract attention in the City. Several small vineyards talk of visits from serious men in BMWs totting portable telephones and offering large sums of money for land that has the right soil and micro climate for grapes. At least two vineyards of more than 40 acres each—large by British standards—are now under preparation with the aid of institutional money. With establishment costs running at £5,000 to £7,500 an acre excluding land, and no prospect of full cropping

from growers for more subsidies; it is more a suggestion that we cease to allow our European counterparts to dominate our wine policy.

In the fine print of EEC legislation lie some disturbing bureaucratic diktats. For instance, English wine is designated as table wine and must always carry the description on its label, though the best is far superior to French *vin de table* or German *Tafelwein*. If all our domestic wine remains in this category, once its quota of 25,000 hectolitres is reached—and we were already halfway there in the good summer of 1983—the "excess" will have to be distilled, presumably into industrial alcohol. And some form of English *appellation contrôlée* rating is vital to steer the consumer through the discouraging puddles of domestic plonk, though the EEC will not consent to it lightly.

English viticulture is a delightful form of farming. The vines are left more leafy than their Continental equivalents, to make the most of our fleeting summer, placing thick green lines across the fields which, in most cases, are already enveloped in countryside. Most British vineyards welcome visitors and offer free tastings and tours of the wineries. At David Carr Taylor's Westfield vineyard one can see England's first *méthode champenoise* sparkling wine being produced, and at £7.65 a bottle it is a worthwhile purchase.

A journey to an English wine tasting will give you an indication of the best our domestic winemakers can manage. Indeed they are usually the only venues at which a large range of English wines may be tasted against one another ○

English Wine Festival, The English Wine Centre, Alfriston, East Sussex (0323 870164), September 5 and 6, £4.25 per person if booked before August 17, £4.75 at the gate including eight wine-tasting vouchers and souvenir glass.

Carr Taylor Vineyard, Westfield, Hastings, E Sussex (0424 752501), open April to December. Penshurst Vineyards, Grove Road, Penshurst, Kent (0892 870255), open year round. A list of English vineyards, and details of prize-winning English wines, is available free by sending an sae to the English Vineyard Association, 38 West Park, London SE9 (857-0452).



David Westphal, prize-winning wine-maker at Penshurst, Kent.

says that he has heard of three cases in the Moselle in which up to 81 per cent of the capital cost of a vineyard has been provided by regional government.

David Westphal, whose family has been making prize-winning wine at Penshurst in Kent since 1971, makes his estate pay by attracting tourists from nearby Hever and Penshurst Place. "Without tourism we couldn't make a profit. I think the Government regard us as a blister on their skin—they wish we'd burst and go away."

Yet the potential of English wine is enormous. David Carr Taylor estimates that 15 per cent of the land between Southampton and Dover is suitable for the production of high-quality wine grapes. "If that were planted up,

for six years, it is a long-term investment strictly for those who can afford it.

One day the EEC will impose quotas on cereals, forcing farmers to diversify into other crops in order to use their surplus land, and those men with the portable telephones believe this may be the beginning of the great boom in the chequered history of viticulture in the British Isles.

If that is to be the case, then some reasoned government policy towards our wine is essential. Pure patriotism, which we may see in the insistence on English wine in British embassies and government departments, really is not enough. Mrs Thatcher, who is known to prefer Scotch to the grape, may rest assured that this is not a plea

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# Buy in haste, repent at leisure

Timothy Hobart on the hazards of making a saleroom investment.

Collecting, I am told, is an obsession. In my experience collectors are few. They are outnumbered many times over by people who are obsessive buyers. In the fine art and antiques business this state of affairs has largely come about as a result of 20 years of hype, most notably by the publicity departments of the major auction houses. However, obsessional buying is not new. It has probably existed for as long as surplus cash and credit facilities have been available. Unlike collecting, obsessional buying is generally executed without much discrimination and even less forethought.

At the end of June, London played host to the dispersal of approximately 2,000 Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings. Among these about 20 paintings and drawings will have been acquired by discerning collectors with the necessary means. The rest (apart from some which fail to reach their reserves) will have been hammered down to buyers with more superfluous cash than aesthetic sensibility, who have been drawn by the lure of the bright lights of the big occasion.

An analogy with the race-course suggests itself. The date and the venue are set. The punters and the rubber-necks arrive. A sense of carnival, but also of excited and nervous anticipation, pervades. We look down the race-card, perusing the names of the participants and the owners' fanciful colours. Inspiration comes not. We reach for *The Sporting Life* for the form, the starting-price forecast, the going, the trainer, the draw.



Nicholas Hilliard's 1572 miniature of the Earl of Hertford.

Here the analogy ends. The eager race-going investor may lose his shirt and come away empty-handed. But the willing art buyer pays for his purchase and may be saddled with it indefinitely. The vendor, like as not a dealer, breathes a sigh of relief.

The receptiveness of these hapless impulse buyers is essential to the health of the art and antiques market. How else can the trade survive? Not every aspect of the market in fine goods and chattels is so afflicted, or so endowed, depending on your viewpoint, as the London Impressionist Regatta Week. But whenever second-hand goods are put under the gavel, you can

be sure that two or three potential buyers will congregate, there will be a quickening of the pulse and the stirrings of something, however distant it may be from Christie's Great Rooms in King Street. And auctioneers and dealers alike depend on it.

The market, not only in the Impressionists, but also in the English furniture, architectural drawings and Edwardian society portraiture and a number of other fields, proceeds very nicely; until unsettled by an outside event like the oil crisis in the mid 1970s. Then prices stop rising. In principle, art always goes up in value. Nevertheless we all know that if we pay highly in anticipation of further improvement and prices do not rise, that cosy feeling of self-approval leaves us.

Well, forewarned is forearmed and there is no compulsion to buy the flavour of the month. I think it was J. Pierpoint Morgan Senior who is reputed to have explained his great wealth by saying he bought things when things were cheap and sold when they were expensive. The cheapness of things now is no guarantee, however, that they will not remain so.

One platitude that is often

voiced about collecting antiques is that good-quality items in good condition are becoming increasingly rare and that they must unerringly prove to be good investments. My own view is that there is no direct relationship between the quality of an object and its financial value.

For instance, a beautiful portrait miniature by Nicholas Hilliard, possibly the greatest English miniaturist, recently sold at Sotheby's for less than 60 per cent of the amount it fetched at the same sale room 10 years ago. With commission the vendor would have recovered only slightly more than 50 per cent of the 1977 price, despite the miniature's subject (it depicts the Earl of Hertford in 1572) and provenance (it belonged to Charles I).

There is some consolation, however, in buying objects from relatively unfashionable fields. You simply cannot pay as much for the best museum-quality Indian miniatures available as for routine decorative works by minor Impressionists. The most distinguished textiles can be acquired for a fraction of the price of a cabinet by the Regency furniture-maker, George Bullock, who re-emerged from almost total obscurity at Great Tew Park in June.

Major tribal works, which have recently been banished from Christie's main rooms to Christie's South Kensington, cannot compete with prices of works by painters of the so-called Newlyn School. Breath-taking *plein-air* oil sketches by important 19th-century forerunners of the Impressionists as well as excellent antiquities and superb Islamic pieces remain largely ignored, in favour of ordinary and often restored French Empire furniture whose only merit is that it fits into an imaginary framework which is the vision of some New York interior decorator.

I cannot predict the investment potential of some of the collector fields just mentioned. As I have indicated, quality is no guarantee of profitable return. Nevertheless, it is still possible to assemble a very creditable collection that is unlikely to prove an embarrassment if the bottom falls out of the market ○



Ottoman tortoiseshell, ivory and mother-of-pearl inlaid wood scribe chest, early 17th century.



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# Rover's rough ride

Stuart Marshall on Range Rover and its rivals.

The smartest car in which to be seen driving in London, Paris or Rome is a Range Rover. In the suburbs, young mums with supermarkets to visit and children to take to school favour the Suzuki SJ410. It is difficult to see why. Both are four-wheel-driven vehicles designed to withstand conditions their drivers rarely, if ever, encounter.

Range Rover and Suzuki are at opposite ends of the on-off road 4x4 market. They have high clearance, knobbly tyres, 10 forward gears and the aerodynamic efficiency of a garden shed. This makes them decidedly heavy on fuel when driven on motorways. They are noisier than normal cars and ride less comfortably.

So why are they so popular? I have asked owners of Range Rovers why they bought them to use as most of us would a family saloon. "I feel so safe, sitting high up with a massive bull bar between me and the accident," said the proprietor of a small advertising agency who never dirties his Range Rover's tyres. "The seating position is marvellous for a man of my generous build. And I can pile loads of documents easily into the back." That was the view of a successful barrister, though he does use his to pull a horse trailer, too.

The trend for four-wheel-drive vehicles was started 17 years ago by the Range Rover, a classic design which is still at the top of the pyramid in social status and price. Curiously, it entirely failed to fill the market niche Rover envisaged back in 1970. They thought it would be bought—at a mere £1,995—by farmers who would use it on the land during the day and to take their wives out at night. The wives took a look at the mud-spattered vehicle and declared they were not going anywhere in *that*.

So farmers continued to buy Land-Rovers and the Range Rover became the mechanical mount of the horsey set. It was ideal for hauling trailers across soggy meadows. It also became immensely popular among image-conscious town dwellers who owned weekend cottages. Over the years it lost its rubber mats and plastic seats in favour of fitted carpet, velour upholstery and wood-veneer fascia.

As the price soared to more

than £20,000 for the top specification models, many people who would have liked a Range Rover chose a cheaper import instead, and now most of the makers of four-wheel-drive, on-off road vehicles are Japanese. The first vehicle to provide Range-Rover-style comfort in the recreational 4x4 class was the Mitsubishi Shogun. It has been so successful that it accounts for one-third of all Mitsubishi imports into Britain. Recently another strong competitor, the Isuzu Trooper, has appeared.

Although the Mitsubishi Shogun and Isuzu Trooper do not have permanently engaged four-wheel drive like the Range Rover, they have a selectable system. For use on-road they are in rear-wheel drive only. When extra traction is required off-road or perhaps on-road in snow, front-wheel drive is also engaged.

They are several thousand pounds cheaper than a Range Rover but I find them at least as agreeable to drive. Their standard power steering, light clutches and silky gearboxes make them easy to handle in traffic.

Turbo-diesel engines suit the recreational 4x4 vehicle because they temper an otherwise dipso-maniacal thirst for petrol. An Isuzu Trooper I drove recently had a 2.25 litre turbo-diesel of such surpassing smoothness and refinement that it cruised on the motorway at 70 mph like a normal car and gave me 26 mpg. Independent front suspension (also a feature of the Shogun) takes the iron out of the ride. Yet it wallowed most capably on a military proving ground, axle-deep in mud and water. The £12,999 price includes power-operated windows in all four doors and central locking.

Three other possibilities are the Nissan Patrol long-wheelbase estate and the Toyota Land Cruiser (both with six-cylinder non-turbo diesels) and the Daihatsu Fourtrak. These have old-fashioned leaf-spring suspension front and back and do not match the Shogun's or Trooper's ride comfort. And if you want a mini-sized on-off roader, the Suzuki SJ410 with a 1 litre petrol engine is ideal. Prices start at £5,350 for the Suzuki and go up to £15,999 for the Toyota Land Cruiser estate with 4 litre diesel ○

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# End-of-term stock taking in the City

Peter Wilson-Smith explodes some of the Big Bang myths.

The Big Bang, the Guinness scandal, and revelations of insider dealing have made it a controversial year in the City of London. There are even allegations of an increase in drug-taking. But as the brokers and the bankers head in August for their country retreats or Mediterranean villas, they can rest comfortably in the knowledge that most of them are very much better off than they were last summer.

A year ago the City was an anxious place. The comfortable cartel which formed the London Stock Exchange was about to be broken up. Competition was set to increase dramatically with customers able to negotiate lower commissions and the friendly old Stock Exchange floor was under threat from electronic dealing rooms equipped with flashing screens, banks of telephones and designer lighting.

The old-timers knew nothing would ever be the same again and the pundits and the Press were full of warnings about how many in the City would soon be walking the streets as firms crumbled in the face of competition from the big clearing banks and foreign companies, especially the Americans. The only people, it appeared, who had anything to smile about were the lucky stockbroking partners who had sold out to the big boys for huge sums and could afford to retire if the dire predictions were right.

Well, they were not right. At least, not yet. Business in the City has been booming; and the casualty list since the Big Bang last October has so far been surprisingly short.

The two most notable casualties have been among the big clearing banks. Earlier this year Midland Bank decided to pull out of making markets in shares because the competition was so tough. Midland had bought a leading stockbroker, W. Greenwell, as part of its drive into the securities markets. And while it has stayed in the securities business in an agency role—that is, acting as an agent for customers who want to buy and sell shares—it no longer runs a trading book of shares.

The other bank to succumb to the fierce competition was Lloyds Bank. In June it pulled out of market making in gilt-edged

stocks and Eurobonds. Lloyds Bank had tried to build up its own operation from scratch but it decided that there was little immediate prospect of making a decent profit and pulled out.

One reason why the gloomier predictions have not been realized is because conditions in the financial markets have generally been so favourable over the past nine months. The stock market has been on the up and there has been a big increase in activity. But the pundits were right about one thing. The Stock Exchange trading floor has been largely superseded by the glossy new electronic dealing rooms.

More foreign firms are still trying to establish operations in the City and there are lucrative opportunities for the ambitious job-hopper. Only a few months ago one American firm, trying to break into a sector of the Euro-bond market, head-hunted nearly half the staff of a rival company, offering some people guaranteed earnings for two years of twice what they were already getting. For a few of the top staff this meant about £200,000 a year.

Although the City has come through the Big Bang in surprisingly good shape, its reputation has not been enhanced. Salaries are one aspect of this. Most people in the City work hard, many work extraordinarily hard, but experienced workers in the North must find it hard to accept that fresh-faced graduates can earn a starting salary in the City of £15,000 or more. The average earnings of non-manual workers throughout the whole country are about £14,000 a year.

The spate of scandals which have come to light over the past year has also helped to confirm the prejudices of those who believe the City is full of sharpshooters and avaricious charlatans. The insider-dealing case involving Geoffrey Collier, the former executive at merchant bankers Morgan Grenfell, has appeared to be an example of simple greed on the part of an already very well-paid man.

Greed and vaulting ambition were also at the centre of the scandal surrounding Guinness and its disgraced former chairman Ernest Saunders. The City is a disparate community and the Collier and Guinness affairs,



**Merchant banker Geoffrey Collier was fined £25,000 for insider-dealing.**

while symptomatic of the behaviour of some, are hardly representative of the City as a whole.

The collective physical and psychological health of the City has probably taken a turn for the

worse. People start earlier and work harder than they did before last October's upheavals and they are under more stress.

Indicative of the increased stress levels, drugs have recently become another City topic. Cocaine use in London, while not necessarily all that common, is not unknown. The Samaritans recently launched a £500,000 appeal to help them cope with the increased demand for their services from the City.

Drugs and stress are, of course, the sort of problems which come with financial success. How long can it last? The real test will come with the next bear market. At that point many firms are likely to find themselves with inflated overheads and huge salary bills which they simply cannot afford to pay, and the result is likely to be a substantial shake-out. As the chairman of one of the big British investment banks observed: "The worst is yet to come. We haven't seen a difficult market." ○

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# REVIEWS

CINEMA

## Montand versus Depardieu

BY GEORGE PERRY

Marcel Pagnol, giant of French theatre in the 1920s, turned to films with the coming of sound, producing and often directing many of his own works.

In 1952 he paid a tribute to his 26-year-old actress wife, Jacqueline Bouvier, with *Manon des sources*, a film about the efforts of a young woman to avenge the death of her father. However, it was poorly received and he later made the story into a two-part novel, enlarging and reshaping the original screenplay. In 1978 Claude Berri, the producer of Polanski's *Tess*, saw in the work a kinship with the tragic, bucolic passion of Hardy and began negotiations to make a film.

Or rather two films. Berri and the screenwriter of *Tess*, Gérard Brach, found that even with careful paring Pagnol's two books could not be encompassed within one film. So with Berri directing they made the story into two films, with Yves Montand playing the part of Le Papet, the patriarchal, unscrupulous farmer at the centre of the story.

*Jean de Florette* is a masterly work. The time is the 1920s; Jean Cadoret, a former tax collector (played by Gérard Depardieu), arrives with his family to take advantage of an inherited farmhouse. He is unaware that the land is coveted by Ugolin, a young flower-grower (Daniel Auteuil) and his cunning uncle (Yves Montand) and that they have blocked the spring to make the farm barren. Jean's initial success soon turns to failure and, as an intense summer drought bites, he watches his crops fail and his livelihood dwindle. In desperation he dynamites a rock to drill a well, but is killed by falling debris. After the funeral Ugolin and Le Papet, who has bought the ruined property for a pittance,



Spring fever in Provence: Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu in *Jean de Florette*.

joyfully uncork the spring, unaware that their victim's eight-year-old daughter is watching. The sequel, *Manon des sources*, follows *Jean de Florette* into the Curzon Mayfair in the autumn.

Depardieu, his rugged physique distorted by a hump on his back, produces a most sensitive performance as an anguished striver, defiantly resisting the odds against him. Daniel Auteuil as the ingenuous Ugolin and Yves Montand as his sly uncle brilliantly display rural cynicism. Bruno Nuytten's cinematography evokes the mysterious continuity of country life, the seasons changing in an eternal cycle, with men as transitory bit players in an ongoing epic.

Early Hollywood is the setting for Paolo and Vittorio Taviani's *Good Morning Babylon*, with Vincent Spano and Joaquim De Almeida as inseparable brothers, master craftsmen in ecclesiastical marble, who leave an impoverished future in Italy for the excitements of the New World. The great D. W. Griffith, played by Charles Dance, hires them to make the elephants for the Babylon set in *Intolerance*, and the brothers marry two starlets, Desiree Becker and Greta Scacchi. When the latter dies a rift develops between the brothers, healed only when they meet on a First World War battlefield.

The Italian-ness of the Taviani brothers' film is romantic and charming, but not for purists. Charles Dance looks like Griffith, but delivers his lines in leaden English, while Griffith's mammoth set, probably the biggest ever built in the history of the cinema, is reduced to an unconvincing "glass" shot.

However, such impressionism, unacceptable in serious documentary terms, is forgivable in a film that purports to be an imaginary evocation of the beginnings of dramatic cinema.

## THEATRE

### Prickly Melon from Simon Gray

BY J. C. TREWIN

At one stage in Simon Gray's *Melon*, now at the Haymarket, the principal figure says that he is going through an odd patch. This is putting it mildly, for we have observed his difficulties for some time.

The play is the tale of a professional man's nervous breakdown. It was suggested by a book

in which a psychiatrist described his own case. The publisher Mark Melon, in a full-scale performance by Alan Bates, is on stage throughout the evening. Bates doubtless gets through this as well as can be managed, though monotony does supervene. This is a disappointing piece from a dramatist who has written such memorable work as *The Rear Column*, *Quartermaine's Terms* and *The Common Pursuit*. I found it hard to believe, at the outset, either that Melon's much-loved wife would have kept to herself, as a domestic game, the identity of the man with whom she was having a prolonged affair or that Melon would not have discovered the affair sooner.

Mark Melon is a difficult figure. He is a resolutely thrustful publisher—Mr Gray has a thing about publishers—who can be generous, but who is also prickly, arrogant and promiscuous. The play opens, confusingly, in the middle of the treatment for his breakdown, when he is alone with his whirling words and whirling memories. Apparently, he had found it amusing at first not to worry about his wife's affair; but this grows into a noisily obsessive, wildly jealous determination to know the truth.

At the last, when he has emerged from the delusive Odd



Patch, we are back, full circle, in the publisher's office (but not as it was of old). The trouble with so sustained a picture of collapse is that we ought to be genuinely concerned for the victim, and here Mr Gray and Mr Bates, in partnership, do not really help us. The director, Christopher Morahan, has clearly worked hard on this spikily uncomfortable narrative in a rather messy composite design (by Liz da Costa).

The cast moves loyally round Mr Bates; in particular, Carole Nimmons as the wife who is so tediously unhelpful though, if she were not, there would be little of a play. Glyn Grain, Sam Dastor and Jason Carter are in the required mood; and I wish William Squire, loquaciously in Melon's publishing world and yet far from it, had more than two delightfully expressed scenes at beginning and end.

## OPERA

# The pangs and passion of love

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Death on the road to a penal colony is the fate of both Katerina Ismailova and Manon Lescaut, tragic heroines of the season's final new productions at the Coliseum and Covent Garden respectively. The two performances had little else in common.

By staging the original version of Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* for the first time in Britain, English National Opera have enabled us to see the opera which changed the course of the composer's career. Shortly after Stalin had attended a performance in 1936, *Pravda* published a virulent attack on the work, and for the remaining 40 years of his life Shostakovich was to compose no other opera.

The story of Katerina, prisoner in a sterile marriage, who takes a lover and murders both her husband and father-in-law, is a shocker. Staged by David Pountney and his designer, Stefanos Lazaridis, in a slaughterhouse, with a full measure of brutal effects, the satire might have lapsed into caricature without the overwhelming performance of Josephine Barstow in the title role. The impassive boredom and frustration of the opening scene, the fraught passion of her encounters with Sergei and the

suicidal despair when he has rejected her are projected with mesmerizing dramatic power and tautly focused vocal intensity. If Pountney's production exploited every note—even the orchestral interludes—Mark Elder's conducting cherished every brassy extravagance of this disturbing, compassionate score.

Massenet's *Manon* at Covent Garden was, by comparison, a sad, lack-lustre affair, indifferently sung, unimaginatively produced and boringly designed. Julia Migenes proved to be a small-voiced and overly coquettish Manon, and Neil Shicoff made a charmless des Grieux. The orchestra played agreeably for Jeffrey Tate but the performance never came to life.

Mozart standards at Glyndebourne have been upheld for 14 years by Peter Hall whose *Così fan tutte* is now having its last revival at the festival. But it will be performed by Glyndebourne Touring Opera in the autumn and is well worth the detour. Hall's perceptive exploration of the frailty of human emotions bridges the gap between the superficiality of Da Ponte's sexual square-dance and the beauty and profundity of Mozart's music, which is more concerned with the pangs than the joys of love.

The producer is ably abetted by the conductor Lothar Zagrosek's somewhat unconventional handling of the score. On the first night he drove the first act relentlessly, and by the finale the tension had reached such a pitch that it was inevitably dispelled during the long Glyndebourne supper interval. When he picked up his baton 75 minutes later, it was to dwell more expansively, via carefully shaped arias and ensembles in an unusually full version of the score, on the shifting emotions of the four lovers.

Claudio Desderi's Don Alfonso seems to have more than a wager at stake on the outcome of the charade he organizes to test the fidelity of women: only a man who has himself been deceived could infuse his singing with such venom. His forceful performance becomes the pivot on which the action turns, but it is balanced by Lillian Watson's polished, worldly-wise Despina.

The contrast between the characters of the two girls is particularly effective. Gabriele Fontana conveys Fiordiligi's dignified reserve and delivers beautifully controlled, authoritative accounts of her two arias. Isobel Buchanan's more adventurous, high-spirited Dorabella, though vocally less secure, blossoms as the evening progresses.

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# Should the war have ended in 1944?

BY ROBERT BLAKE

## The Ghosts of Peace 1935-45

by Richard Lamb

Michael Russell, £14.95

The theme of this book is that the victorious wartime Allies grossly neglected the opportunities presented by anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi conspirators, especially the latter, to bring the war to an earlier end. The continuation of hostilities beyond the summer of 1944 was undoubtedly one of the great tragedies of this 20th century. Millions more were killed before the German surrender in May the following year, and the Jewish holocaust, terrible though it had already been, became far worse in those dreadful concluding months.

The argument against prolongation of the war takes various forms. One, eloquently put by John Grigg in his book, *1943 The Victory That Never Was* (1980), is that the invasion of Normandy could and should have been launched a year earlier. This is doubtful. Most historians agree that the decision to invade North Africa in 1942 made it logistically impossible to attempt a cross-Channel landing before 1944. Sheer shortage of shipping precluded such action. Moreover, German tank strength in the war would have been far more formidable than it was a year later. If the attack had been made and

had failed the Allies would have suffered a setback which might have postponed the ending of the war for years.

Another theory is that the formula of "unconditional surrender" was the true cause of German resistance to the bitter end. Richard Lamb is a strong supporter of this view, and he reinforces it with the failure, as he sees it, of Churchill and Eden to lift a finger to help the anti-Hitler elements in Germany—indeed their disbelief at times that any such elements even existed.

There is no doubt the British Cabinet was wrong on that point. There were important figures in the German army, the diplomatic and intelligence services and in other quarters who were genuinely hostile to the Nazi regime and really did wish to bring it down. It is surprising that no attempt at all was made to negotiate with them. Whether anything would have come of it is far from certain. The German conspirators displayed no small degree of ineptitude and the only serious effort to assassinate Hitler on July 20 was a disaster. It took the Allies by surprise but, even if they had been privy to the plot, they could not have done much to ensure its success.

The difficulty throughout was that sheer hatred of the Nazis,

which was fully justified, blinded the British establishment to the fact that not all Germans were "bad". The credentials of a person like Adam von Trott, the charismatic former Rhodes Scholar, a member of the German diplomatic service and a key figure in the anti-Hitler movement, were as good as they could be. But the mere fact that he was able to travel with ease to Sweden and Switzerland aroused suspicion that he was a secret German Intelligence agent.

There were two other reasons for Allied refusal to parley with anyone claiming to represent a German resistance movement. The first was the fear of annoying Stalin and provoking him into doing a deal with Hitler.

The second reason was more sensible—determination to prevent a repetition of the post-1918 myth of "the stab in the back". Would not negotiations with the leaders of a successful *coup* lead in the long run to the same propaganda—the myth of the army betrayed by the civilians? In what Mr Lamb calls an "astonishing memorandum" to Churchill and Eden, John Wheeler Bennett, who dominated thinking on Germany, wrote on July 25: "It may now be said with some definiteness that we are better off with things as they are than if the plot

had succeeded." In that event he believed that the "Old Army" Generals would have sued for terms other than unconditional surrender. As it was, the purges were a good thing, removing people "who undoubtedly would have posed as 'good' Germans after the war while preparing for a Third World War... the killing of Germans by Germans will save us from future embarrassments of many kinds".

The author has written a most interesting book and has researched assiduously. He has documented as never before the inflexible policy of the British government over unconditional surrender as regards both Italy and Germany. It was probably an error but perhaps he allows too little for the temper of the times, and no one can show for certain that a different Allied policy would have enabled the German resistance to succeed and to end the war earlier.

The real chance missed to end the war in 1944 was military, not diplomatic, the failure to take Antwerp after the Normandy breakthrough and make a narrow thrust through the Low Countries at a moment when the Germans opposed 100 tanks to the Allies' 2,000 and 570 aeroplanes to 14,000. But that, as they say, is another story.

## RECENT FICTION

# Wicked, sophisticated and immoral

BY IAN STEWART

## George Sand: Marianne

Edited and translated by Siân Miles  
Methuen, £9.95

## The Book of Mrs Noah

by Michèle Roberts  
Methuen, £10.95

## The Garden of the Villa Mollini

by Rose Tremain  
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

Charlotte Brontë's view of George Sand's romantic novels as "clever, wicked, sophisticated and immoral" is characteristic of the English stereotype of this

writer which readily identified the sensationalism of her books with the flamboyance of her personality. The romantic novels were followed by socialist and finally by pastoral ones (she wrote some 60 in all) but it is the first that for long found most favour with English readers. Siân Miles's translation of Sand's rustic novella *Marianne*, the first British edition of a story written in the last year of her life (1876), brings a welcome reminder of other important strands in her work. Much of it can be seen as an expression of women's need for independence from men. *Marianne* uses this feminist theme to show how, once this independence has been achieved and understood, it can provide a basis for an equal partnership.

Marianne Chevreuse lives alone on the farm she inherits from her parents. Near by lives her godfather, Pierre André, who

had studied law and travelled widely but returns disillusioned to Le Faille-sur-Gouvre. A former local tradesman who has made good in Paris wants to find a wife for his son Philippe who must be worth the 200,000 francs the boy will need to set himself up as a painter. Marianne is the father's choice and Pierre is to fix it for him.

This blunt proposition shocks the shy, stoical Pierre into an awareness of the depths of his feelings for Marianne. Since she represents George Sand's ideal woman who achieves independence through honesty and does not marry just because loneliness or convention requires it, what follows is essentially an account of the woman's education of the man. We do not expect to find the brash, self-centred Philippe reflecting, as Pierre does, on marriage as a tomb in which a woman's intellectual develop-

ment is stifled. Self-awareness in Marianne makes her alert to the danger of succumbing to the attractions of male assertiveness. But there is nothing tortuous about the path that finally brings Pierre and Marianne together after a walk through Marianne's wild garden where their shared love of nature is enchantingly evoked. The book has the freshness and simplicity of Sand's other pastoral *contes* such as *François le Champi*.

In *The Book of Mrs Noah* by Michèle Roberts, Mrs Noah is in Venice where her husband is attending a health-service conference. She frets because he is neglecting her but her real grievance is that he has denied her the children she wants. Mrs Noah takes her revenge in dreams in which Mr Noah is killed by a bizarre thunderbolt from heaven. She escapes, of course, in the Ark. In addition to the Ark itself there



is also the Ark of Women in which "every woman who has ever lived has deposited her book". This is the creation of an international committee of sibyls for the protection and encouragement of women's creativity. Having failed to prepare themselves for the partnership of equals achieved by George Sand's Marianne and Pierre, they all have sad stories to tell. The one man among them is the Gaffer who did well from the royalties on the Bible when it first appeared.

This exhilarating, visionary novel describes a journey through time and the imagination. Mrs Noah, the Arkivist, has brought her sibyls, all of them writers, to see how they will survive. When she wakes from her dream in the Venetian hotel she asks herself how women have survived their oppression by men. Her answer is, only by being more willing to compromise than they are. Compromise, as Ms Roberts so uncompromisingly documents it, can mean anything from losing the kitchen as the only place you have to write in because your husband wants to use it, to being patient when the maintenance cheques fail to arrive.

The title story in Rose Tremain's new collection, *The Garden of the Villa Mollini*, is a fable about the perils of greed and self-indulgence. Antonio Mollini, a celebrated 19th-century opera singer, designs a garden for his Tuscan villa whose beauty, variety and intricacy are intended to express his philosophy of life as an unceasing journey of discovery and revelation. Mollini also loves women and their desire to improve and enlarge the garden at the expense of the villagers' interests proves his undoing. The river is dammed to provide a lake with swans, and the common pasture land is turned into an English garden. But Mollini's children die at birth, his first two wives commit suicide when he has tired of them and the lake is threatened in a drought.

Rose Tremain has a gift for vivid imagery but this tale has more melodrama than its moral purpose requires. There is also an excess of contrived, lurid symbolism in *The Kite Flyer*, an otherwise haunting story of a vicar driven to kill his wife by his own loss of faith and envy of her new-found sense of purpose in Greenham Common. *Will and Lou's Boy*, about an affectionate, unambitious lad growing up in a pre-fab in the London of the late 1940s, eschews heightened effects and is perfect of its kind.

## OTHER NEW BOOKS

### The Lord's Companion

Edited by Benny Green

Pavilion Michael Joseph, £16.95

It is bad luck, or possibly bad management, that the Marylebone Cricket Club should have to celebrate its bicentenary in the wake of a dispute with the Test and County Cricket Board which led to the resignation of both the MCC's secretary and treasurer, and to a revolt of members who refused to accept the accounts at the annual general meeting. Amid the turmoil, which has subsided now to low rumbles round the members' seats in the pavilion at Lord's, Benny Green's anthology may bring some comfort to wearers of that hideous orange and yellow tie. If the collection has a consistent theme it is that the headquarters of cricket has, throughout its innings in St John's Wood, been constantly stirred up about something.

Sometimes there have been very visible concerns, such as fire, incendiary bombs, doodle-bugs, infestations of insects and assaults on the hallowed turf. More often there have been intense disputes within the membership about such matters as the drainage of the wicket, changes in the lbw rule, and the definition of a Gentleman as opposed to a Player. All this and much more will keep cricket-lovers happily entertained for many non-playing days.

### Charles

by Penny Junor

Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95

The Prince of Wales is 38. A great deal has been written about him, much of it speculation, much of it untrue. The facts of his life are well known and hardly need repetition; the interpretive gloss that tries to set out the problems of a man in his position and explain the methods by which he tries to resolve them is intriguing but ultimately unsatisfactory. Penny Junor dutifully sets it all out again, but has little new to add, and there is no way of telling what is based on conjecture and what comes from reliable but unattributable sources.

The author's conclusion is that Prince Charles is one of the saddest people she has ever met. He is also, she suggests, easily led. She cites as evidence the fact that the Prince had originally agreed to two interviews with her, but cancelled the second, she suspects, under the influence of Sir Laurens van der Post, who does not believe in biographies of people still living. On the evidence of this book he is right.

## THE MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

### HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (10) **The Life of my Choice** by Wilfred Thesiger

Collins, £15

Testament from a great explorer.

2 (—) **Hammer: Witness to History**

by Armand Hammer & Neil Lyndon

Simon & Schuster, £14.95

From rags to riches by the million.

3 (3) **Mediterranean Cookery** by Claudia Roden

BBC, £12.95

4 (—) **An Affair of State** by Phillip Knightley

Jonathan Cape, £12.95

Profumo and Stephen Ward—one version of the real story.

5 (—) **The Celts** by Frank Delaney

Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95

6 (—) **Honeytrap** by Anthony Summers

& Stephen Dorril

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95

Profumo and Stephen Ward—again.

7 (—) **Flywheel: Memories of the Open Road** by Tom Swallow & Arthur H. Pill

Webb & Bower, £10.95

1944 motoring magazines produced in a German POW camp.

8 (2) **Wisden Cricketers' Almanack 1987** edited by Graeme Wright

Wisden, £15.95

9 (—) **Double Century: The Story of MCC and Cricket** by Tony Lewis

Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95

10 (—) **Vivien: The Life of Vivien Leigh** by Alexander Walker

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95

### HARDBACK FICTION

1 (1) **Age** by Wilbur Smith

Heinemann, £11.95

Exciting novel set in South Africa.

2 (—) **Sarum** by Edward Rutherford

Century, £9.95

History of Salisbury from the Ice Age.

3 (5) **Einstein's Monsters** by Martin Amis

Jonathan Cape, £5.95

Stories centring on the nuclear bomb.

4 (3) **The Radiant Way** by Margaret Drabble

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95

First novel in seven years.

5 (2) **Destiny** by Sally Beauman

Bantam Press, £10.95

Another blockbusting balloon of a book.

6 (4) **The Maid of Buttermere** by Melvyn Bragg

Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95

7 (—) **Gone to Soldiers** by Marge Piercy

Michael Joseph, £10.95

The Second World War as experienced by wives and families.

8 (—) **Talking to Strange Men** by Ruth Rendell

Hutchinson, £9.95

A spellbinding novel of espionage.

9 (—) **Close Quarters** by William Golding

Faber & Faber, £9.95

10 (6) **Winter Hawk** by Craig Thomas

Collins, £10.95

The US and USSR appear to make peace...

### PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (—) **I, Tina** by Tina Turner & Kurt Loder

Penguin, £2.95

2 (1) **Fit for Life** by Harvey Diamond

Bantam Books, £3.50

Eat what you want and still lose weight.

3 (—) **Proms Guide '87**

BBC, £1.50

4 (—) **Another Bloody Tour** by Frances Edmonds

Fontana, £2.50

A wife's view of the best-forgotten 1986 West Indies tour.

5 (2) **One is Fun** by Delia Smith

Coronet, £4.95

6 (—) **ITN Election Fact Book** edited by Glyn Mathias

ITN/O'Mara, £2.95

7 (8) **Prick up your Ears: Biography of Joe Orton** by John Lahr

Penguin, £3.95

8 (—) **Spy's Revenge** by Richard Hall

Penguin, £3.95

Peter Wright himself—the man in the middle of the publishing controversy.

9 (—) **It Was Twenty Years Ago Today** by Derek Taylor

Bantam Books, £6.95

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

10 (4) **Wisden Cricketers' Almanack 1987** edited by Graeme Wright

Wisden, £13.95

### PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (—) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith

Pan, £2.95

A popular sequel to *The Burning Shore*.

2 (3) **The Magic Cottage** by James Herbert

New English Library, £3.50

A crescendo of horror from a gentle beginning.

3 (—) **Dark Angel** by Virginia Andrews

Fontana, £2.95

A web of deceit and romance.

4 (7) **I'll Take Manhattan** by Judith Krantz

Bantam Books, £3.95

Woman magazine publisher takes on all.

5 (1) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré

Coronet, £3.50

6 (2) **The Moth** by Catherine Cookson

Corgi, £2.95

7 (6) **Texas** by James Michener

Corgi, £4.95

Giant novel about the oil state.

8 (5) **Hold the Dream** by Barbara Taylor Bradford

Grafton Books, £3.95

9 (—) **War of the Twins** by Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman

Penguin, £2.95

The middle volume of a trilogy.

10 (—) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford

Grafton Book, £3.95

An intricate story following three generations through 50 years.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.



# LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Well worth seeing

## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

### Advance Warning

A foretaste of the fun destined for this month's Edinburgh Festival Fringe. July 27-Aug 8. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

### ★★ Antony & Cleopatra

In this remarkable Shakespeare night, Anthony Hopkins & Judi Dench bring the tragedy to us untarnished in Peter Hall's production. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

REVIEWED JUNE, 1987.

### The Balcony

Jean Genet's play, set in a brothel, is the first in a major RSC reappraisal of the writer's work. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### ★ Breaking the Code

John Castle as codebreaker Alan Turing in Hugh Whitmore's evocative play. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

### ★ Every Man in His Humour

Ben Jonson's early comedy in a production of brisk complexity by John Caird. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

### Fathers & Sons

Alec McCowen, Barbara Jefford & Richard Pasco in a new play by Brian Friel, from Turgenev. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### Follies

The line-up for the revival of this Sondheim musical includes Diana Rigg, Julia McKenzie, Daniel Massey & David Healy. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 379 4444).

### Julius Caesar

A straightforward & speedy production by Terry Hands. Roger Allam is excellent as Brutus. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### ★★ King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant as Gloucester & Anna Massey as Goneril. Olivier. REVIEWED FEB, 1987.

### ★ Kiss Me Kate

Paul Jones & Nichola McAuliffe are splendid as the strolling players performing *The Taming of the Shrew* at Baltimore.



Charles Dance as film director D. W. Griffith in *Good Morning, Babylon*.

Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). REVIEWED APR, 1987.

### ★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton's subtly sustained play from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

### Light Up the Sky

Kate O'Mara forsakes *Dynasty* for Moss Hart's comedy about the try-out of a play in 1940s Boston. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, cc 741 9999).

### Melon

Alan Bates plays a publisher who suffers a breakdown in Simon Gray's play. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). REVIEW ON P66.

### ★ The Merchant of Venice

Anthony Sher is a racially revengeful Shylock, with John Carlisle as a really memorable Antonio at the heart of an uncompromisingly anti-Semitic background. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

The perennial Open Air favourite, with Ian Talbot as Bottom. Until Sept 12. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

### ★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

### Mystery of the Rose Bouquet

Brenda Bruce & Gemma Jones in Manuel Puig's drama about two women thrown together in a South American clinic. July 24-Aug 15. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

### No Sex Please, We're British

This *Mousetrap* of farce nears the end of a 16-year run. Until Sept 5. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

### ★ The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical depends largely upon its theatrical effects. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc).

### Public Enemy

Kenneth Branagh leads the Renaissance Theatre Company in his own play, set in Ireland. Until Aug 15. Lyric Hammer-smith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

### Serious Money

Caryl Churchill's comedy about City scandals. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 4444).

### ★ Six Characters in Search of an Author

Pirandello's uncanny meeting between reality & illusion on stage is performed now with imaginative craft. Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Lesley Sharp are excitingly right. Olivier.

### A Small Family Business

Alan Ayckbourn writes inventively about corruption within a family furnishing business that startles its new managing director (Michael Gambon). Unfortunately this comedy, which grows steadily blacker, ends in a dénouement that is hard to accept. Olivier.

### They Shoot Horses Don't They?

Stage version of Horace McCoy's novella about couples competing in a dance marathon during the American Depression. With Imelda Staunton, Paul Greenwood, & Henry Goodman as the MC. Mermaid.

### ★ Three Men on a Horse

Geoffrey Hutchings is, hilariously, the writer of greetings-card verses who also has the gift of picking racing winners. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645).

### ★ Three Sisters

Elijah Moshinsky's rich revival of Chekhov's masterpiece with Francesca Annis, Sara Kestelman & Katharine Schlesinger. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

### Twelfth Night

Anthony Sher plays Malvolio, with Harriet Walter as Viola & Deborah Findlay as Olivia in Bill Alexander's revival of Shakespeare's comedy. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

## FIRST NIGHTS

### The Art of Success

Nick Dear's portrait of William Hogarth, with Michael Kitchen as the 18th-century artist. Opens Aug 19. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### Bless the Bride

Ruth Madoc, Una Stubbs & Simon Williams in a 40th-anniversary production of the musical by Vivian Ellis & A. P. Herbert. Aug 11-Sept 26. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

### The Great White Hope

Hugh Quarshie re-creates his award-winning role of the first black heavyweight champion of the world. The play is based on the life of Jack Johnson. Opens Aug 20. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's Stratford production of Shakespeare's comedy in William ➤





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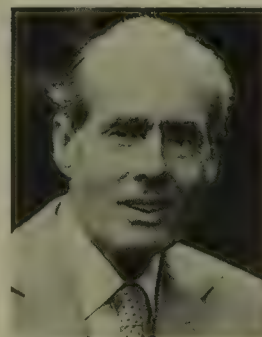
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## THEATRE continued

Dudley's romantic woodland setting. David Haig takes over the role of Bottom. Opens Aug 18. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Tom Mannion & Peter Doran are the young men in Shakespeare's comedy. Aug 4-Sept 9. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 486 1933).

### The Wandering Jew

Eugene Sue's epic 19th-century novel, condensed into a five-hour melodrama. Opens Aug 8. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

## CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

### ★ Black Widow (15)

The glamorous Theresa Russell makes a habit of marrying & poisoning rich men, assuming a new identity after inheriting each fortune. Debra Winger is a workaholic federal agent who investigates her & strikes up a relationship. Bob Rafelson's excellent thriller, scripted by Ron Bass, is less a suspense story, more an examination of two sides of the feminine psyche.

### ★ Blind Date (15)

Bruce Willis is a junior executive who takes a beautiful blind date (Kim Basinger) to a client dinner to impress his boss, unaware that alcohol turns her into an uninhibited monster. Blake Edwards's glossy farce parades slapstick laughs & exaggerated characters, especially the psychotic boy-friend played by John Larroquette. Opens Aug 14. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

### ★ Good Morning, Babylon (15)

Charles Dance portrays the early filmmaker, D. W. Griffith, making his grandiose 1916 film *Intolerance*. Opens Aug 28. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc). REVIEW ON P 66.

### ★ A Great Wall (PG)

In his delightful film, Peter Wang plays a Chinese American executive who takes his San Francisco family to visit their Peking relations. Both sides learn a lot.

### ★★ Hamburger Hill (18)

Inevitably John Irvin's film will be overshadowed by its predecessor, *Platoon* but, if anything, this story of a group of US soldiers in Vietnam is even more uncompromising, as they throw their lives away on an almost impregnable & futile military target. What comes through strongly is their sense of alienation from the civilians back home. A moving & bitter indictment of war, written by James Carobotsos. Opens Aug 7. Cannons Haymarket, W1 (839 1527), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990).

### ★★ Jean de Florette (PG)

Claude Berri's film, set in mid-1920s rural Provence. With Gérard Depardieu in the title role, & Yves Montand. Opens July 24. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc). REVIEW ON P 66.

### ★ The Magic Toyshop (15)

Angela Carter has adapted her own book, a fantasy in which a teenage girl & her younger brother & sister are orphaned & go to live with their tyrannical uncle, played by Tom Bell, over his London toyshop. Caroline Milmoe is sweetly self-effacing as the girl & Kilian McKenna plays a gentle, fey Irish cousin. David Wheatley directs.

### Pee-wee's Big Adventure (U)

Pee-wee Herman, a quiffed comic in red bow-tie, white shoes & a suit several sizes too small, is the creation of actor Paul Rubens & a cult on American television. This strange, zany, occasionally likeable comedy, directed by Tim Burton, takes some getting used to, but wins marks for originality. Opens Aug 14. Screen on the Green, 83 Upper St, N1 (226 3520); Cannons, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc).

### ★ Power (15)

Richard Gere is a media consultant, manipulating politicians into office, who discovers that he himself is being manipulated. Sidney Lumet directs, but the strong cast, including Gene Hackman, Julie Christie, Kate Capshaw & Denzel Washington, does not entirely unravel the over-elaborate script by David Himmelstein. Opens Aug 14. Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

### ★★ Raising Arizona (15)

Joel & Ethan Coen have written this satisfying story of an unconventional but endearing couple with an obsessive desire for a child. With Nicolas Cage & Holly Hunter; directed by Joel Coen. REVIEWED JULY, 1987.

### ★ Tin Men (15)

Barry Levinson's comedy, which he wrote & directed, is set in his native Baltimore in the early 1960s. Richard Dreyfuss & Danny DeVito are feuding "tin men", the hustling salesmen of aluminium cladding for tired houses. Ruthless & chauvinist, the two enemies make a great partnership. Opens July 31. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).

## MUSIC

### HENRY WOOD PROMENADE CONCERTS

Albert Hall, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465), Nightly until Sept 12.

**National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain.** In celebration of the orchestra's 40th anniversary, Pierre Boulez conducts Schoenberg's Gurrelieder, with Jessye Norman, soprano, & Kenneth Riegel, tenor. Aug 3, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Peter Eötvös conducts Berg's Violin Concerto, with Pierre Amoyal as soloist, & Bartók's ballet suite *The Miraculous Mandarin*. Aug 4, 7.30pm.

**English National Opera Orchestra & Chorus.** Reginald Goodall conducts Act III of Wagner's *Parsifal*. Aug 9, 6pm.

**New London Consort.** Philip Pickett directs dances from Terpsichore, a collection of dance music published by Praetorius in 1612. Aug 9, 9pm.

**Scottish National Orchestra & Chorus.** Neeme Järvi conducts Glinka, Glazunov & Prokofiev. Aug 15, 7.30pm.

**The English Concert** play Bach, Vivaldi & Handel, with Arleen Auger, soprano, under Trevor Pinnock. Aug 16, 7.30pm.

**London Mozart Players.** Jane Glover conducts Milhaud, Schubert, Mozart & Copland. Aug 17, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Rozhdestvensky conducts Act II of *The Nutcracker* by Tchaikovsky & excerpts from Shostakovich's socialist realism ballet *The Bolt*. Aug 18, 7.30pm.

**BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra.** Jerzy Maksymiuk conducts music from Schubert's *Rosamunde* & *The Fairy's Kiss*, Stravinsky's homage to Tchaikovsky. Aug 19, 7.30pm.

**Chamber Orchestra of Europe.** Claudio Abbado conducts *Pulcinella*, which Stravinsky based on music by Pergolesi, & Mendelssohn's Scottish Symphony. Aug 20, 7.30pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** John Pritchard conducts Rimsky-Korsakov, Milhaud, Lambert, Ravel. Aug 22, 7.30pm.

**Glyndebourne Festival Opera.** Bernard Haitink conducts a semi-staged performance of this season's new production of *La traviata*, with Ileana Cotrubas as Violetta. Aug 23, 7.15pm. REVIEWED JULY, 1987.

**The John Foster Black Dyke Mills Band** play music by Bliss, McCabe, Vaughan Williams, Elgar, under Peter Parker. Aug 29, 5.30pm.

**Loose Tubes,** the first jazz group to appear at the Proms, play big-band jazz. Aug 30, 10.30pm.

### SUMMERSCOPE

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Opera Factory London Sinfonietta** in two programmes of music theatre directed by David Freeman. *Adventures*, comprising works by Maxwell Davies, Ligeti & Weill. Aug 1 (preview), 3, 7, 11, 13, 15, 19, 21, 7.45pm. *Iphigenias*, a condensed version of Gluck's Iphigenia in Aulis & Iphigenia in Tauris. Aug 8 (preview), 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 7.15pm.

**Harrison Birtwistle, his fancies, his toys, his dreams.** Two weeks of concerts by the London Sinfonietta, Aquarius, Schütz Choir of London, Endymion Ensemble & others, devoted to the composer's own works & music which has influenced him. Aug 25-Sept 6.

## GALLERIES

### BARBICAN

EC2 (638 4141).

**The Image of London.** A prestigious line-up of the artists who have painted London & London life. The names include Canaletto, Rembrandt, Piranesi, Géricault, Whistler & Monet. Aug 6-Oct 18. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm.

### COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

**Michel Jean Cazabon** (1813-88). Trinidad's great 19th-century artist, the black painter Cazabon, absorbed Euro-

pean traditions & techniques during visits to France, Spain & Italy. He was rediscovered by Trinidadian architect Geoffrey Maclean. Until Aug 30. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm.

### CONTEMPORARY APPLIED ARTS

43 Earlam St, WC2 (836 6993).

**Studio Glass.** Sculptural & decorative pieces by Keith Cummings, Diana Hobson, Catherine Hough, David Kaplan & Annica Sandstrom, Stephen Proctor & Pauline Solven. Aug 7-Sept 5. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-5pm. Closed Aug 31.

### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

**Gilbert & George.** As the row over the recent award to them of the Turner Prize showed, Gilbert & George have lost none of their power to irritate & offend. This exhibition is sure to revive the quarrel. Until Sept 29. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

### RIVERSIDE STUDIOS GALLERY

Crisp Rd, W6 (741 2251).

**Giacomo Balla.** The first exhibition in Britain to be devoted entirely to the work of one of the two or three most important Italian Futurists. Largely self-taught as a painter, Balla started as a kind of Symbolist & got mixed up in Futurism thanks to his pupils Boccioni & Severini. He came close to denying Futurist ideas in the 1930s & became a member of the conservative Accademia di San Luca. In his old age, when the movement recovered its prestige, he was glad to be associated with it again. He was an engagingly eccentric character. Aug 26-Sept 27. Tues-Sun noon-8pm. 50p.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**219th Summer Exhibition.** Until Aug 23. REVIEWED JULY, 1987.

**The Woodner Collection.** A chance to see the most distinguished private collection of Old Master drawings assembled in recent years. It includes one of only three or four known drawings by Benvenuto Cellini. Until Oct 25. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25. Closed Aug 31.

### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**George Price Boyce** (1826-97). Sixty of Boyce's watercolours & one oil make up this exhibition. He painted Thames Valley scenes & in the 1850s & 1860s produced highly coloured Pre-Raphaelite landscapes. Until Aug 16.

**Mark Rothko** (1903-70). Major retrospective containing 100 works in oil, acrylic & watercolour, beginning in the 1920s & ending with the picture Rothko was working on when he took his own life. Until Aug 31. £2.50, concessions £1. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm.

### WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

**Jacob Epstein: Sculpture & Drawings.** Epstein's reputation, once at a low ebb, is rapidly reviving. Until Sept 13. Tues-Fri & Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.



# SPORT

## AMERICAN FOOTBALL

**American Bowl '87:** Denver Broncos v Los Angeles Rams, Wembley Stadium. Aug 9. Shown on Channel 4 at 10.15pm.

## ATHLETICS

**Miller Lite IAC International meeting,** Crystal Palace, SE19. Aug 14.

**Dairy Crest Games,** Crystal Palace. Aug 22.

**World Championships,** Rome, Italy. Aug 29-Sept 6.

## CRICKET

**Cornhill Insurance Test series:** England v Pakistan, Fifth Test match, The Oval. Aug 6-8, 10, 11.

**MCC Bicentenary match:** MCC v Rest of the World XI, Lord's. Aug 20-22, 24, 25.

**Women's cricket:** England v Australia, First Test match, Worcester, Aug 1-4; Second Test, Collingham, W Yorks, Aug 21-24; Third Test, Hove, E Sussex, Aug 29-Sept 1. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P12.

## CYCLING

**Kellogg's Tour of Britain.** Start Edinburgh, finish Westminster, SW1. Aug 12-16.

## FOOTBALL

**General Motors FA Charity Shield:** Everton v Coventry City, Wembley Stadium. Aug 1.

**Mercantile Credit/Football League Centenary Classic:** Football League v Rest of the World, Wembley Stadium. Aug 8.

**Today League** season starts Aug 15.

## MOTOR RACING

**Halford's Birmingham Super Prix,** Birmingham. Aug 30, 31.

## MOTORCYCLE RACING

**British Motorcycle Grand Prix,** Castle Donington, Leics. Aug 2.

## ROWING

**World Championships,** Copenhagen, Denmark. Aug 24-30.

## SAILING

**Cowes Week,** Isle of Wight. Aug 1-9.

**Weymouth Olympic Week,** Weymouth. Aug 29-Sept 5.

# BOOK NOW

**English National Opera,** London Coliseum, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258). Telephone booking opens Aug 3 for *Salome* (starts Sept 1), *Pacific Overtures* (starts Sept 10), *The Pearl Fishers* (starts Sept 21), *Werther* (starts Oct 7), *Rigoletto* (starts Nov 5).

**Royal Opera House,** Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). Telephone booking from Aug 1 for *Tannhäuser* (starts Sept 12), *Falstaff* (starts Sept 17), *La Bohème* (starts Sept 18), *Le nozze di Figaro* (starts Oct 8), & Royal Ballet's *Swan Lake* (starts Oct 16), & Stravinsky triple bill *The Firebird*, *Scènes de Ballet* & *Rite of Spring* (starts Oct 24).

**Contributors:** Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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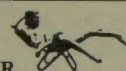
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## WIT'S END

# Weathering the English summer

Matthew Engel makes sport of those rainy days

The much-imitated but essentially inimitable David Coleman once introduced *Grandstand* with the words: "For once I can tell you that sport has been weather-free today." Sport in the English summer of 1987 has not been weather-free. We have had an absolute surfeit of weather. The country needs less of it, and a bit more climate instead.

I blame the Government myself. In the dear old days when Labour was in charge extremes of weather were dealt with by the appointment of Denis Howell as Minister-for-whatever-it-was. He would immediately pour folksy Brummie charm on the floods, drought or snow; and the weather would retreat, knowing it had met its match.

Now, in these days of Thatcherite non-intervention, something can go on indefinitely and the Government will do nothing about it. There is serious meteorological evidence that weather patterns now last longer. One assumes this is because the heavens have already been subject to a management buy-out and have cut back staff as a cost-saving measure.

In midsummer, 1987, it rained. It rained on Ascot, though that hardly mattered. It usually does rain, and the men dress with such time-honoured inappropriateness that if by any accident it were hot one year, there would be widespread physical discomfort, several old-fashioned swoons and perhaps a fatality or two. The women this year were assisted by the fashion for patterned stockings, which meant that mud splatters merged elegantly into well-shaped leg. The horses disliked the wet and their form went haywire—but at Ascot who gives a damn about that?

Wimbledon took a pasting, too, in its first week. This caused greater distress, because people do exist who go there to watch tennis. That is extremely foolish of them, because you see far more on television. Also, television gives Wimbledon a special mystique, as though it contained some sort of distilled essence of English summer, a fragrance

containing a *mélange* of fresh-cut grass, Pimms and strawberries, that could be sold in the better department stores for about a fiver a squirt. The reality of Wimbledon—crowds, sweat and stropky gatemmen—never gets through.

However, the BBC has so sold itself on Wimbledon—the British care nothing for tennis the other 50 weeks a year—that total panic took over when the rain came. On the third sodden day Harry Carpenter did a major star interview with a raven-haired girl from Godalming whose achievement in life was to help lead the

when they never play at all.

There is a bizarre charm in cricket's interruptions. The game has been stopped by rain (natch), bad light, extreme heat (Surrey v Lancashire, 1888), extreme cold (at Cambridge in April a couple of years back), snow (at Buxton in 1975), fog, lightning, wind, whirlwinds, earthquakes (India), a solar eclipse (India again), fire, ice falling from passing aircraft, earthquakes, a 21 gun salute for the Queen Mother, parachutists, pigeons, swallows, bees, pigs, monkeys (India yet again), dogs, foxes, a careering horse and cart (Scarborough, 1892), a protest

entirely *sui generis*. When it is pouring everywhere else they often play at Old Trafford. But vice is far more often versa. And Manchester rain has a quality of its own, a friendly but persistent softness quite different from harsh London rain or the sea-borne wet of the west.

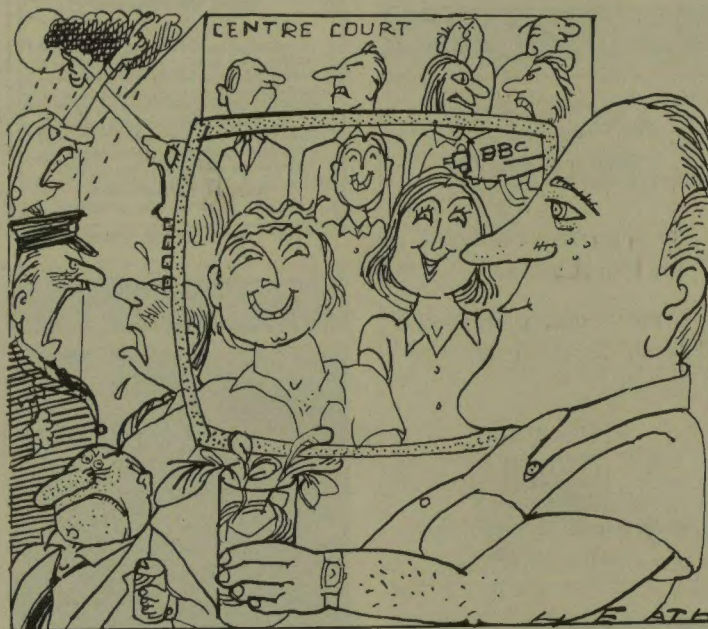
In 1938 the England-Australia Test at Old Trafford never got started at all and was ultimately called off by an umpire whose name was A. Dolphin. In 1924 they played for only three hours in which time J. C. W. MacBryan of Somerset, making his Test match début, did not get the chance to bat, bowl or intervene significantly in the field. He was promptly dropped and never played for England again.

What do cricket people do on these occasions? Card schools do exist among both players and reporters, though they are less common than might be supposed. I believe Yorkshire used to have a flourishing rainy-day bridge school. But cricketers are more educated these days, and so less cerebral. Some dressing rooms have been known to try Trivial Pursuit. I recall David Gower, shortly before he was deposed as England captain, being asked the definition of "regicide", which was tactless.

In the Press box there is the occasional person who reads a book. There are more people who actually write them, though these are not necessarily works that add greatly to the world's storehouse of literature. "It takes longer to read than it did to write," as Scyld Berry of *The Observer* once commented on a cricket broadcaster's latest opus.

People skim the papers. And do the crossword. And ask each other quiz questions. And bitch about people out of earshot. And stare gloomily out of the window, hoping either for cricket or an early release home, mixing relish for an idle day with the great English delusion: that the next day/week/month/year will be better. And sometimes delusions come true, temporarily ○

Matthew Engel is cricket correspondent on *The Guardian*.



singing and Mexican waving while waiting for the rain to cease. If it rains as much at every Wimbledon, every spectator is likely to be famous for 15 minutes, with the chance of extra time on the late-night highlights.

And there is cricket. However, cricket needs rain. The programme of Test, county and one-day fixtures is so mind-numbingly cluttered that in fine summers everyone gets totally exhausted. Tennis players know they are going to have to get the tournament finished somehow or other. Cricket can be gently washed away, and no one minds much. After all, games can be drawn just as easily in blazing sunshine as

over an alleged miscarriage of justice in a bank robbery (Leeds, 1975), riots (India, of course, but almost everywhere else, too), intruding pet mice and a passing hedgehog (Gloucester, 1957). The list sounds like an exclusion clause on an insurance policy.

Mostly, though, it rains. This year it poured almost endlessly at Old Trafford and even more endlessly at Lord's. "Have you noticed," said a letter writer in one of the posher papers, "that when rain washes out the Old Trafford Test it is somehow Manchester's fault. But when rain ruins the Lord's Test it is entirely the fault of the weather."

Actually, Manchester rain is





## The Star.

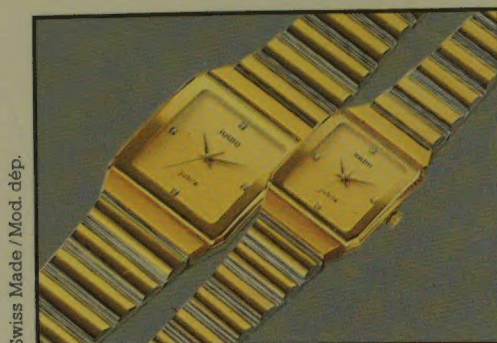
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